Carter and the Good Old Banks

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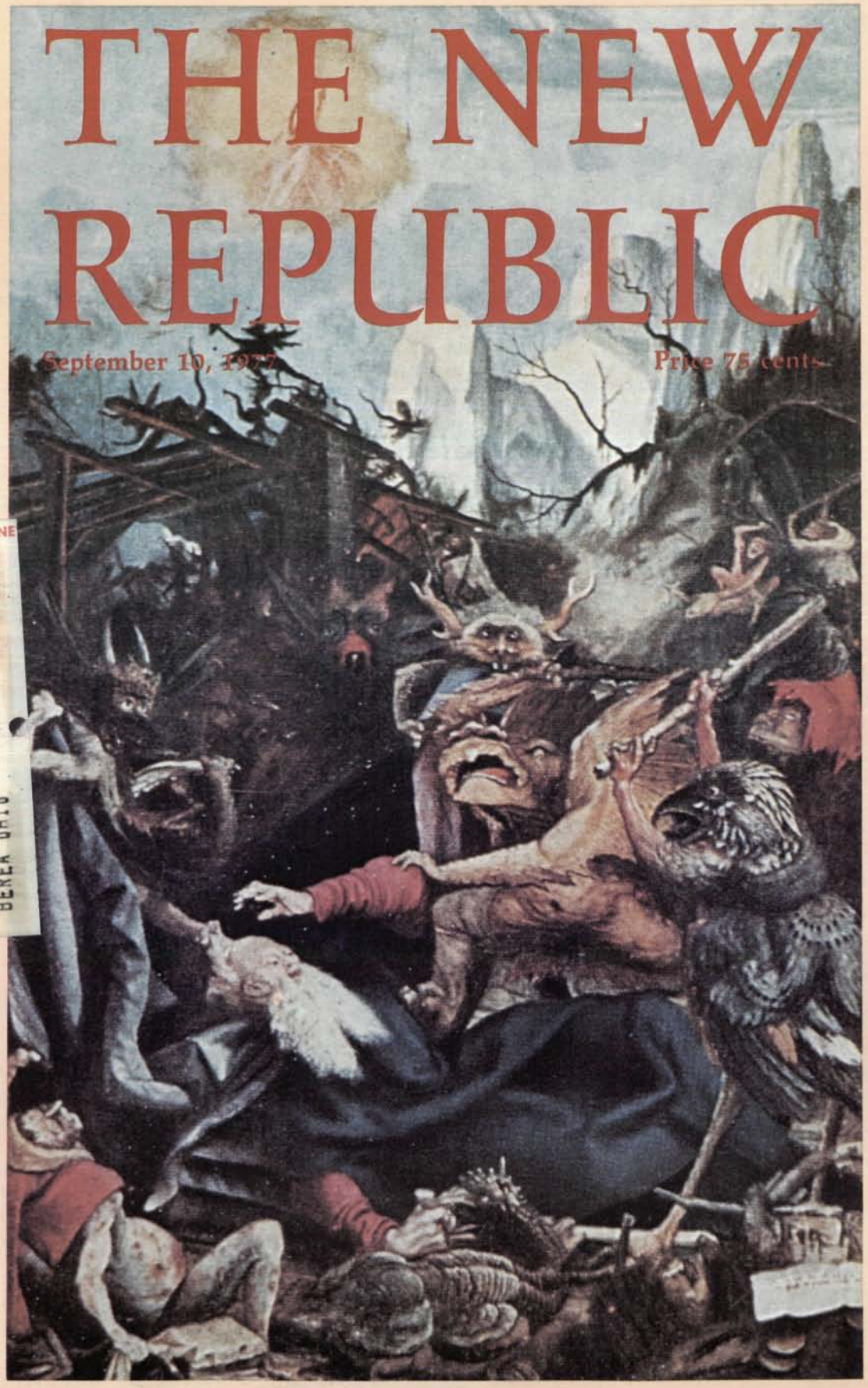
Richard Reeves and Barry Hager

THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 10, 1977 Price 75 cents



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Henry Fairlie's Deadly Sins

TRB

from Washington ®
September 10, 1977

Two Thirds

I am probably one of the few left in Washington who stills hates Henry Cabot Lodge. Grandfather Lodge, that is: Republican Senator from Massachusetts; 1850-1924. He did in 1919 what Republican Senator Strom Thurmond from South Carolina is trying to do today, defeat a treaty with the aid of the Founding Fathers. The Fathers put that two-thirds joker into the law (Article II, Section 20): a treaty is ratified "provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." Thirty-four "no" votes will kill it if all 100 are present; and less if some are away. And if a Senate minority rejects the Panama Canal treaty, which will be signed in a glittering ceremony in the big hall of the Pan American Building here this Wednesday, September 7—the day Congress returns—we will have another guerrilla war on our hands with all Latin American countries and all Third World countries against us. And before long somebody will toss a grenade into one of the Panama locks and then we shall have no Canal for a while.

Ellsworth Bunker, 83, one of the treaty negotiators, told me the other day that he was 25 when Lodge defeated the League of Nations. He is white-haired and pink-faced, and looks as fragile and elegant as a piece of china but with a deliberate kind of mental agility that causes a gaggle of hard-boiled reporters to exchange admiring ejaculations. Yes, he agreed with me afterwards, there have been few times since 1919 when so much hangs on a difficult two-thirds treaty vote. And remember—Wilson predicted what would happen if he lost!

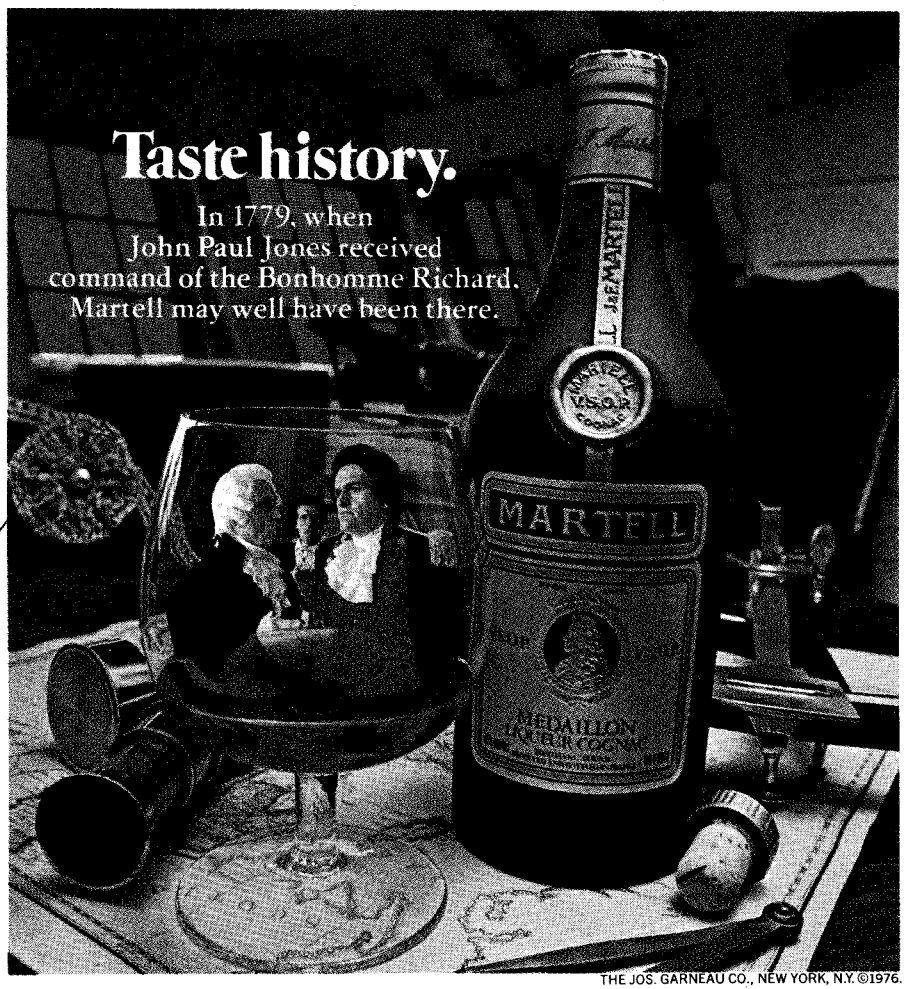
Few of you probably have read recently the compilation of 40 Wilson speeches that he made between September 4-25, 1919 as he heroically whistle-stopped across the nation, without amplifiers, without radio, standing up waving his top hat in endless automobile processions while flash-powder cameras popped. Eloquent and passionate, he made his last fight for the League and failed. "I can predict with absolute certainty," he said, "that within another generation there will be another world war if the nations of the world do not concert the method by which to prevent it." What kind of war? A war far more terrible, he said. "There were destructive gases," he said, "which were just ready for use when the war ended—yes, and great projectiles that *guided themselves* [my italics] and went for hundreds of miles . . . . What the Germans used were toys as compared with what would be used in the next war . . . inventions that were just about to be used for the absolute destruction of mankind."

He told them; they didn't listen. Yet he pleaded (Denver, September 25) that with the League "the littlest nation, along with the biggest—Panama, to take one of our near neighbors—can stand up and challenge the right of any nation in the world to do a thing which threatens the peace of the world. It does not have to be a big nation to do it."

Jimmy Carter on TV can reach the nation in discussing Panama in less time than it took Woodrow Wilson to pack his trunk. But at the end of it he still faces the hurdle of the two-thirds vote, and if he needn't fear the overeducated, poisonously partisan Lodge, it will be some other passionate antagonist. Strom Thurmond ran for President as a Dixiecrat and became a Republican in 1964; he is famous for his anti-civil rights filibuster of 24 hours, 18 minutes. But it takes only 60 Senate votes now to break a filibuster; it takes a Constitutional 67 votes (with all present) to ratify a treaty.

Why did Senators get such power? John Jay explained in the *Federalist Papers* (Number 64) that they would be picked by state legislatures (they no longer are, of course) and would be "the most enlightened and respected citizens." By contrast with the popularly elected House, said Alexander Hamilton, (*Federalist* 75), Senators would have "accurate and comprehensive knowledge of foreign policies, a steady and systematic adherence to the same views; a nice and uniform sensibility to national character; decision; secrecy,

(continued on page 38)



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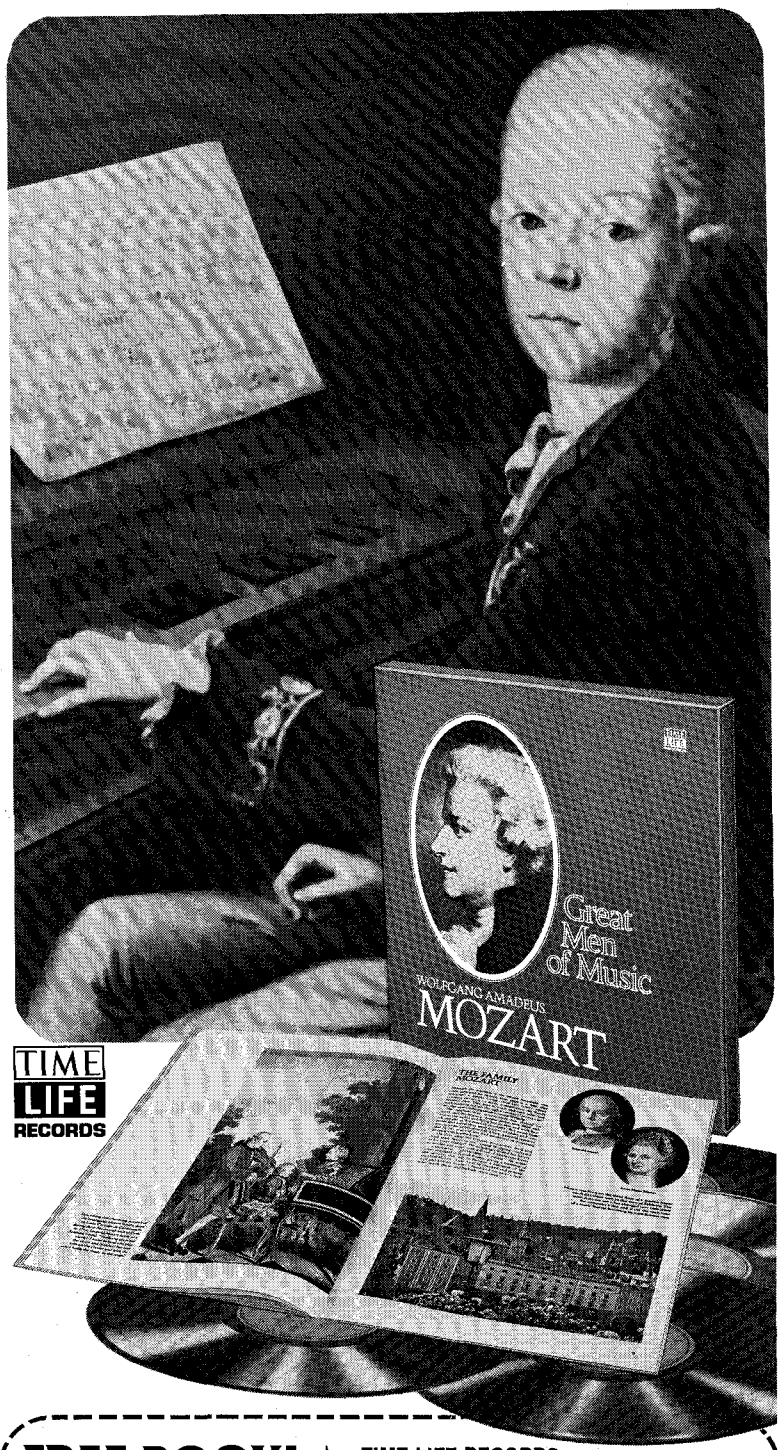

At the age of 6, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was the talk of Europe. By the time he was 8, he had sat on the knee of Empress Maria Theresa, delighted the court of George III, and composed four sonatas.

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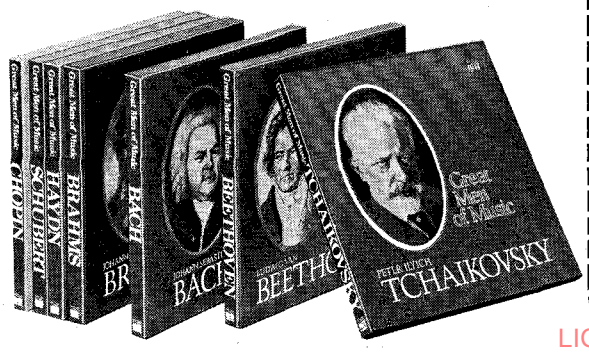

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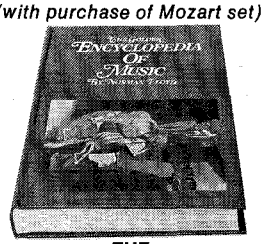

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 10, 1977

The African Gulag

"The South African government is no longer alone in depriving Namibians of their liberty," wrote a prominent Namibian journalist in exile. There is, he wrote, an "African Gulag—that network of prisons, refugee camps, detention centers, and cells of solitary confinement from Cape Town to Cairo—which traps the innocent."

It's no news that the anti-colonialist revolution has been devouring its children. That started in Algeria and has been a commonplace ever since. The fratricide in Angola, for example, will not quickly be concluded, despite Andrew Young's confident assurances that Cuban troops had helped the MPLA pacify its enemies. In Zimbabwe, moreover, the preference of the leaders of adjacent black states for the Soviet-backed Patriotic Front may not necessarily keep masses of blacks from casting their lot with one of two other nationalist movements.

In South-West Africa also it's just possible that SWAPO—selected from a wide range of representative Namibian movements by the Organization of African Unity and by the fine folk at the UN as the instrument of Namibian independence—may cash in its greater destiny for the lesser gratification of maintaining one Ndugu Sam Nujoma as its president. Hard times have befallen SWAPO. Its leadership mandate dates way back to 1969, and has been extended only because of Nujona's ability to eliminate his opponents. What's new in the situation is that the governments of Zambia and Tanzania have made their prisons available to SWAPO's ruling faction for this purpose. In Zambia, reliable sources insist, there are more than 1000 SWAPO dissidents in the Boroma concentration camp alone. Several escapees from this camp have given harrowing testimony about Kenneth Kaunda's complicity in unspeakable cruelties there. Eleven former SWAPO top executives were transferred from Zambia to Tanzania, where they have been held for more than a year, during which a grotesque has been made of judicial proceedings.

Among the detainees are a few of the founders of SWAPO itself. This group includes Andreas Shipanga, a charismatic and cultured figure with a wide following both in and out of SWAPO ranks. Accused of being an imperialist stooge, his real crime and that of his colleagues, one gathers from the controlled press, is to believe that revolutionary movements ought to prepare not only to govern, but to govern democratically. That's a heresy in much of the third world, which is doubtless why the cause of Shipanga and his associates has not stirred up more Africans. That doesn't explain, however, why Tanzania's president, Julius Nyerere, chose to become one of the active tormentors of these Namibian patriots. It's not quite his way and he discredits himself and his much-heralded achievements by having done so.

Esme Shipanga, the imprisoned leader's wife, wrote President Carter on July 25 from London, where she lives as a social worker, asking him to raise the matter of these long-detained men with Nyerere on his recent visit to Washington.

A conspiracy of silence and indifference has shrouded this case for much too long. It should become clear that states which we join in the fight against apartheid will be expected to put a fast end to their own flagrant violations of fundamental human rights. American emissaries should pursue again and again the case of these Namibians and those other hitherto nameless and faceless political prisoners in the vast African Gulag, which is run not by whites but by blacks.

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Lance and Carter both
know how to play the banks.

The Good Old Boy Network

Bert Lance is not the only member of the Carter administration who financed a political campaign with loans from friendly Georgia banks. That's how his friend Jimmy Carter got to be President.

It's an old story in Georgia politics and it may explain part of why, as President, Carter seems to feel that his director of the Office of Management and Budget has done nothing wrong over years of playing around with other peoples' bank deposits. Both men financed Georgia gubernatorial campaigns with bank loans, but the real payoff in knowing how to play the banks came for Carter in the 1976 presidential campaign.

Fourteen loans totalling $1.5 million from two Atlanta banks were what kept the Carter campaign going through crucial days of the spring of 1976, when a Supreme Court decision on the constitutionality of the new Federal Election Commission suspended matching fund payments to presidential candidates for two months. While Henry Jackson and Morris Udall were going broke in Pennsylvania and Ohio, Carter was tapping what looked like an unending, and unsecured, pipeline of Southern cash. In addition to the bank loans, the Carter campaign also had what amounted to short-term loans of almost one million dollars from Southern suppliers and vendors who agreed not to demand quick payments in order to help the local boy making good. As a result, Carter was able to outspend Jackson $459,653 to $167,149 in the Pennsylvania primary.

Looking at the 5169 pages of Carter campaign records filed with the FEC shortly after the 1976 election, it is hard to figure out how all that money would have been paid back if the local boy had stumbled and contributions to the Carter campaign had stopped snowballing. Somebody was gambling with other peoples' money. Bert Lance stumbled in his 1974 campaign for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Georgia, and as a result his campaign committee still has not paid back $390,000 it borrowed from Atlanta's Citizens & Southern bank. C&S, however, apparently thought the Carter campaign would be a better risk and lent it $175,000 in March and April of 1976. Fulton National Bank in Atlanta began making loans after that. By the end of May, the campaign owed the two banks just over one million dollars. Add to that $1.27 million in supplier bills and another $82,000 in loans from smaller banks and individuals, and the Carter campaign was well over two million dollars in debt. Its tangible assets at the time were accounts receivable of about $300,000, most of it transportation costs billed to the Secret Service and press; and bills submitted to the FEC, but not approved, totalling $650,000. If the Carter campaign had collapsed—those things *do* happen in politics—some of those generous Southerners, banks and suppliers, stood a chance of being stuck for more than one million dollars, because only $100,000 of the loan money was guaranteed by Jimmy Carter's personal assets. According to FEC records the "guarantor" of the other loans was: "None."

An outsider might guess that Georgia bankers and businessmen were either very smart, very lucky, high-stakes gamblers or the best political analysts in the country.

Insiders might say, as Carter does about Lance's financial dealings, that that's just the way they do business down there. "In terms of campaign financing," according to *Campaign Money*, edited by Herbert Alexander, director of the Citizens Research Foundation, "the granting of personal loans to supporters has apparently been the standard mechanism for injecting bank money into [Georgia] political campaigns. For instance, former Governor Jimmy Carter has said that seed money for his 1970 campaign came from supporters who raised about $250,000 in personal notes."

And that's what they do say—business as usual. Officials of C&S and Fulton told us that the loans were "routine" and were totally secured by the Carter campaign's due bills and the anticipated FEC money. But the numbers don't appear to support that six of the loans were made when there was some doubt whether the FEC would be reconstituted by Congress, so that the only certain source of payment would have been the transportation due bills. Hubert Harris, who is now Bert Lance's assistant for congressional relations was one of the C&S officers who approved the first four Carter loans.

Besides the bank loans, there were also the claims of creditors, the friendly suppliers, most of whom worked through the small advertising agency of Gerald Rafshoon, Carter's media adviser. At the end of May, Rafshoon owed his suppliers $647,997. He, in turn, was owed that amount by the campaign. Rafshoon, who had substantial personal loans from Lance's National Bank of Georgia, said that none of his campaign debts were underwritten by banks. "They were Atlanta companies," he said, "which were willing to wait for money because they wanted Jimmy to win as much as we did." They also probably believed they were in line for the FEC money that the banks also were relying on as a potential source for repaying their loans.

And what of Carter's opponents? They could not, or would not, borrow from banks. Jackson, facing the same problems as Carter, borrowed only $42,700. "Bankers and our finance people were very skittish about the bankability of the FEC due money, whether it

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Correspondence

Hobart Rowen

To the editors:

Jonathan Miller, in his profile of Robert S. McNamara ("A House Built on Sand," *TNR*, Sept. 3), mentions a series of pieces I did on McNamara and the World Bank in mid-1975. That series, on balance, was critical of McNamara. But despite objections he and his press officers raised, never was a word retracted, nor did the *Washington Post* make any apologies for the stories.

On December 1, 1974, I had transferred from the financial news staff to the national news staff, exchanging the title of Financial Editor for the new one of Economics Editor, in order to concentrate on a new syndication arrangement for my column.

That, you will note, was seven months before the McNamara pieces began in July 1975—and that should tell you all you need to know about Miller's suggestion that my shift in assignment was some kind of punishment for being critical of McNamara.

Hobart Rowen
The Washington Post

Tortured reasoning

To the editors:

I am terribly puzzled by your article on torture in Israel ("Torture Tempest," *TNR*, July 23). First, it is unclear whether the article is one of news or opinion. It is the opinion which is difficult to swallow.

The author, Seth Kaplan, concludes without any argumentation that torture may be necessary to deal with terrorism. Undoubtedly, a case may be made for this position, though Kaplan doesn't make it. However, I would think that a stronger case may be made against torture for any purposes at all.

What puzzles me is whether you're going to present the case against torture. Kaplan's article is a useful presentation of the facts about the alleged use of torture by Israel. But why permit him to end the article with an unsupported statement in favor of the propriety of torture against terrorists? This seems to be the worst find of journalism for a magazine of opinion for sophisticated readers. Is this an indirect way of giving *The New Republic*'s view on the subject? To put it more bluntly, who cares that Seth Kaplan thinks torture against terrorists may be OK. In this regard, what I am looking for are reasoned arguments, not *ipsi dixit* statements.

Robert L. Bard
University of Connecticut Law School

In over our heads

To the editors:

B. J. Mason's dissertation on climate ("Has the Weather Gone Mad?" *TNR*, July 30) was unsatisfactory, not in terms of facts, but in terms of integrating facts and drawing conclusions, a feat of which even a computer is not capable.

As he says, the record is spotty after 10,000 years. He bases his discussion, therefore, mainly on information gleaned from the last 10,000 years, but then he states, in effect, that the climate is fairly stable during each 10,000-year period. How can he know that? To make matters worse, we don't really know what man did to the planet until recent measuring devices were available. We therefore don't really know what we're doing to ourselves. And we can't exactly measure the events of the last 10,000; only the last 250.

We're clearly in over our heads. Caution is indicated.

P. W. Williamson
Ipswich, Massachusetts

Sticks and Stones

To the editors:

Re the July 2nd "Washington Diarist" by MP:

A word is a token
To be handled with care;
For, once it is spoken
Like an egg freshly broken,
It's immune to recall or repair.

Ruth T. Stamper
Decatur, Illinois

(continued on page 38)

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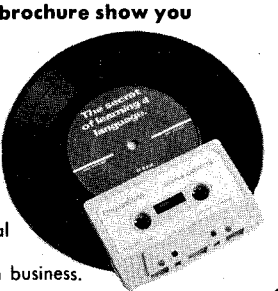

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could be used as collateral," said Jackson's campaign manager, Robert Keefe. "No one was sure for weeks whether there was ever going to be any FEC money. Scoop could have taken some personal notes, but he really has no net worth to borrow against. And, frankly, he just didn't want a debt hanging over him." Udall borrowed $70,000 on his own signature, but that was it. "We had no access to real money markets," said John Gabusi, director of the Udall campaign. "We didn't have bankers and we just couldn't get loans like that. And we had no deal like the Rafshoon thing—nobody would give us credit."

The chronology of the Carter campaign borrowing really began on January 30, 1976, when the Supreme Court ruled that the Federal Election Commission—with some members appointed by Congress and some by the President—was an unconstitutional hybrid of legislative and executive powers. With the FEC in suspension while Congress debated new legislation acceptable to the Court, the last matching-fund checks went to presidential candidates on March 22. All campaigns soon were in a cash-flow bind. Carter took his first loan on March 15—$70,000 from C&S. By the end of the month, his campaign was $556,000 in the red.

What followed was classic, and successful, deficit financing. The Atlanta banks and suppliers provided money and services against anticipated revenues—revenues that would keep coming if Carter kept winning primaries. For the duration of the primary season, the campaign would borrow money—or fail to pay its Georgia network creditors—for "upfront" cash to buy television time and field organization. With each media barrage—answered less and less frequently as Jackson and Udall ran out of cash—came a victory or at least a strong showing, and with each triumph came contributions to keep going.

On April 2, the Carter campaign went to C&S for another $30,000. Then: April 15, Fulton, $40,000; April 20, Fulton $60,000; April 23, C&S, $25,000; April 29, C&S, $50,000; May 14, Fulton, $130,000; May 14, Fulton, $120,000; May 25, Fulton, $200,000; May 28, Fulton, $200,000; May 28, Fulton, $100,000; June 7, Fulton, $200,000; June 22, Fulton, $300,000. The loan total of $1.525 million does not necessarily mean that $1.5 million was owed at any one time because the campaign began repaying loans in June. But at times, the campaign owed the two banks at least one million dollars.

By the end of April, the Carter campaign had a net indebtedness of $960,000, including bank debts and $350,000 owed to Rafshoon. On May 31, the net indebtedness had reached $1,898,000, with $645,997 owed to Rafshoon. After the key victories over Jackson and Udall in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the resumption of FEC payments beginning May 22, the net debt was reduced to $1,160,000 on June 30, with $431,000 owed to Rafshoon. By the end of July, the debt had been reduced to a little more than $500,000, and by August 31, the Carter campaign was in the black for good.

So unlike Lance's debts, Carter's campaign loans were repaid. As far as the Atlanta banks are concerned, that's proof enough that they were sound business risks all along. Herbert McKoy, the Fulton vice president for commercial credit who handled the loans, said the bank had "a commitment" to the Carter campaign and accepted repayment pledges discussed in conversations with Carter's campaign treasurer, Atlanta attorney Robert Lipshutz. Lipshutz is now counsel to the President. "Each loan stood on its own merits," McKoy said. "These were short-term, self-liquidating loans to help them with their cash flow problems." The banker said "FEC receivables" were security enough for loans to a campaign—an opinion Mo Udall could not get from any bankers.

The letters between Lipshutz, McKoy and Harris during the spring of borrowing are friendly, almost chatty things, some beginning, "Dear Herkie," which is Harris's nickname. The Southern politicians, bankers and lawyers may have seen themselves as "outsiders" as far as Washington was concerned, but they sure sound like Atlanta insiders helping a buddy take over the country.

With a little help from his friends, Carter was the only survivor of the dollar drought caused by the FEC's court-ordered inactivity. By the time Udall and other candidates had some ready cash in early June, it was too late to stop the frontrunner. The "common practice" of politicians and bankers in Georgia—to use Carter's phrase in defending Bert Lance—apparently was not common enough elsewhere to do Carter's competitors any good.

Jimmy Carter now has endorsed that common practice by endorsing—proudly, he said—Bert Lance's behavior. What is most disturbing is that our post-Watergate President does not seem to understand why other Americans are genuinely shocked by Lance's "common" behavior. Carter has accepted, for now, the standard of doing what you can get away with. And it turns out the bankers and their favored politicians can get away with a hell of a lot. He has disillusioned a few of us who thought or hoped he was really running against privilege. It looks like he did not understand that most people are not as privileged as Bert Lance—or Jimmy Carter. Apparently he never really expected to be held to the standard he articulated in his now-famous May 1974 "Law Day" speech at the University of Georgia:

"Well, I've read parts of the embarrassing [Nixon] transcripts, and I've seen the proud statement of a former attorney general, who protected his boss, and now brags on the fact that he tiptoed through a minefield and came out 'clean.' I can't imagine somebody like Thomas Jefferson tiptoeing through a minefield on the technicalities of the law, and then

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bragging about being clean afterwards." No, it's hard to imagine that. Or, that after he got out of the field, Jefferson would be met by George Washington saying: "Tom, I'm proud of you!"

Richard Reeves
Barry M. Hager

Richard Reeves is the author of *Convention* (Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich). *Barry M. Hager* is a correspondent for *Congressional Quarterly*.

White House Response

On Thursday September 1, shortly before we went to press, President Carter's press secretary Jody Powell issued the following statement.

The "Good Old Boy Network" is a shamefully misleading and disgracefully inaccurate story.

The theme of the article is that Atlanta banks made high-risk, uncollateralized or under-collateralized loans to the Carter campaign. This is absolutely inaccurate.

Throughout the entire campaign all loans were fully secured by accounts receivable—either from the FEC or from transportation billings to the press and Secret Service, except two from Fulton National Bank, which were secured by Jimmy Carter's personal signature. Those loans, totaling $100,000, were completely proper in light of Mr. Carter's net worth in excess of $600,000.

It should be made clear, as the authors do not, that the procedures used in obtaining all these loans were cleared in advance with the FEC and publicly disclosed and explained during the campaign.

In fact, under an arrangement reached by the campaign committee, the matching funds checks were sent directly to the bank by the FEC instead of the campaign, and thus used to pay off the bank loans immediately after the matching funds were cleared and sent.

The authors state, "Officials of C&S and Fulton told us that the loans were 'routine' and were totally secured by the Carter campaign's due bills and the anticipated FEC money. But the numbers don't appear to support that, and six of the loans were made when there was some doubt whether the FEC would be reconstituted by Congress."

The fact is that none of the six loans made before the FEC was reconstituted by Congress were secured by FEC funds. All of these loans except for the $100,000 secured by Jimmy Carter personally were secured by transportation accounts receivable from the press and the Secret Service.

The loans secured by transportation billings were necessitated by the fact that a campaign is forced to pay cash for transporting press and Secret Service agents. The US Treasury Department and the national news organizations repay the campaign over an extended period ranging from several weeks to several months.

Had either Mr. Reeves or Mr. Hager contacted campaign officials on this story, we would have been happy to clarify their misapprehensions about our financing of the campaign. Neither ever bothered to try to gain our reaction to their "findings" or ever sought comment from any campaign or administration official. We do appreciate *The New Republic*'s meeting our request to be able to respond to the article after we learned of its existence elsewhere.

All of these bank loans obviously were not only completely legal but also very sound—not only because of the manner in which they were handled and collateralized, but also by the fact that obviously loans of this type were thoroughly reviewed by the bank officers and auditors and by the bank regulatory authorities, as well as by the FEC and the independent certified public accountants who reviewed the campaign activities.

The loans were in fact much more sound, ethical and businesslike than the writing and publication of "The Good Old Boy Network." Both the authors and *The New Republic* seem to have been following that fine old doctrine of yellow journalism, "Don't ask too many questions and screw up a good story."

The accuracy and currency of our FEC request records, and the tight accounting procedures maintained by us on these records, allowed us to utilize them as valid accounts receivable. This, as well as the fact that contributions for us and accounts receivable for transportation were growing while they were fading for other candidates, allowed us to make these sound loans.

A Brief Response to Jody Powell

Mr. Powell characterizes "The Good Old Boy Network" as "shamefully misleading and disgracefully inaccurate," but disputes none of the facts contained in the article. Instead, he introduces a red herring by pointing out that the six loans from two Georgia banks during the time FEC funds had been held up were secured by the transportation accounts receivable. The article does not say otherwise. What Mr. Powell says simply means that these accounts receivable—the only truly secure assets of the campaign—would not have been available to pay off the campaign's other debts. In other words, this fact has no bearing on the relation between the campaign's *total* debts and its *total* assets to secure these debts.

In short, these Georgia banks and businesses were gambling on the success of the Carter campaign. Mr. Powell admits as much when he says that one element

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making the loans in question "sound" was "the fact that contributions for us and accounts receivable for transportation were growing while they were fading for other candidates."

The authors of this article did talk to campaign officials while gathering the materials upon which it is based. They did not talk to Jody Powell last week. Their misapprehensions remain unclarified, to borrow his terminology.

White House Watch

Sticking It to Bert

At the first Cabinet meeting that the President convened after the Lance affair became the Carter affair, the opening discussion was unusually vapid. "I pass," "I pass," various officials at the long table murmured when the President invited them, one after the other in order of institutional seniority, to raise any subject they wanted to kick around. The display of boredom and futility was getting to be embarassing to everybody except Jimmy Carter, who won't admit to himself or tolerate any admission from others that his commitment to Cabinet rather than presidential government through independent department heads running their own agencies hasn't worked according to plan, when OMB Director Bert Lance's turn came. Like his recent predecessors, he has Cabinet status by favor of the President. Instead of passing he drawled that everybody else was taking potshots at him and y'all might as well, too. Amid general laughter, they did. Carter joined in the good-humored jabbing at Bert and the trouble he's brought upon the administration.

There the curtain drops. The inquirer may guess that the President welcomed the diversion from what might otherwise have been a serious discussion of a very serious problem and occasion for another ringing affirmation of support for Bert Lance. But it can be no more than a guess. The President has moved in seven months from thought of opening Cabinet meetings to the press, to maybe releasing edited transcripts of Cabinet discussions, to having a White House press officer attend meetings and afterward give reporters a sanitized account. The last device was tried and abandoned. Anything close to full accounts had the President telling his department heads in precise and often arbitrary detail how he wanted their departments run in his way, not theirs, and that obviously wouldn't do. Minus detail, the briefer's accounts wasted his and reporters' time and left an impression that the meetings were even more vacuous than they were. A staff briefer still attends the meetings and remains available. But one of the President's pronounced and increasingly evident characteristics diminishes the briefer's usefulness. Jimmy Carter is in his way as private a person and President as Richard Nixon was. His assistants, knowing this and tartly reminded of it when they forget it, are less and less ready to describe the President's mood, attitude, words on occasions such as what might have been but wasn't a substantive discussion of the Lance problem at the August 29 Cabinet meeting.

In the printed press, in broadcasts and in the White House press room, discussion of Lance and his affairs continued with a vengeance. The discussion and the atmosphere in which it occurred were conditioned by the immense change that the President brought about on August 18 and 22 with endorsements of Lance that were so emphatic, so personal and so inclusive that they totally identified Jimmy Carter and his competence and integrity with Bert Lance and *his* competence and integrity. The endorsements followed the Federal Comptroller of the Currency's finding in an interim report that an intensive investigation of unofficial allegations that Lance had illegally abused his position and privileges as a Georgia banker for private gain before he became director of the Office of Management and Budget disclosed no reason for "prosecution of any individuals." At a joint appearance with Carter and afterward, Lance insisted that the report cleared him of both illegality and unethical conduct. I and other reporters understood Carter to do the same. He never quite did. His statement on the 18th that "Bert Lance enjoys my complete confidence and support" and "I am proud to have him as part of my administration" amounted to total endorsement. His statement at a press conference on August 22 that "I don't know of any allegation that has been made or proven that Bert Lance did anything illegal or even unethical" further identified the President and his cause with Lance and his cause. But Carter stopped short of asserting that the Comptroller had specifically cleared Lance of both illegal and unethical conduct.

It's worth noting and seldom noted, incidentally, that all of the allegations investigated by the Comptroller and discussed by the President were unofficial, in the form of printed and broadcast reports and commentaries. The Comptroller looked into past official complaints and actions involving Lance and his practices as a banker and borrower. During the current furor and at this writing on August 31, however, not a single offical allegation has been made against Lance. It's been mainly a media exercise. Without wishing or intending to defend Bert Lance, I'll say right here that in my opinion the exercise has not been an unalloyed media triumph.

Massive team investigative efforts in Washington and elsewhere, mostly on Lance's home ground in

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Georgia, produced a few valid indicators of loose standards and practices in Lance's record and on the general banking scene, in Chicago and New York as well as in Georgia and the South. Most of the journalistic product has been dubious trivia that probably won't be relevant when Senate and House committees begin to inquire whether Lance did or didn't comply fully with their and the President's demands for full disclosure of private affairs and conduct bearing upon public performance and whether, on a larger front, banking laws and regulations as they now stand are adequate.

Several aspects of the Lance furor as reporters regularly assigned to the White House contributed to and witnessed it in the White House press room struck me with special force. Some of the brethren and sisters were more interested in making and sustaining a case against Lance, regardless of whether a case was really there, than in eliciting facts and testing assertions of fact to the modest extent that either endeavor is feasible at a White House briefing. There were two principal reasons why the prosecutor's role overshadowed the reporter's function as often and as futilely as it did during much of the Lance hullabaloo at the White House. One was the persisting, insatiable thirst for official blood that journalists have been trying to quench since the Watergate carnival of discovered sin and imposed retribution faded away. The other reason is the need, rarely articulated but most certainly existent, among reporters covering the Carter White House to chip at and rebel against the piety and sanctimony which pervade that institution and its claims to a higher morality and level of behavior than past administrations demonstrated. The White House press corps has its share of puritanical and sanctimonious types, one of whom actually encases himself in clerical garb, so you might say that we of that august body suffer from a running clash of sanctimonies.

More seriously, it's clear that the Lance affair is going to have at least one lasting effect. Behind Press Secretary Jody Powell's show of humor and bluff good will, Carter and the true Carter people have over a time dating back to his Georgia governorship harbored and usually repressed a basic distrust of journalists. The feeling surfaced occasionally during Carter's campaigns for presidential nomination and election. It surfaced again in recent days when Powell, under pressures that he and his President hadn't previously experienced, lashed back at some of the reportorial carping and pricking with visible and verbal expressions of loathing and contempt. Some of the feeling was justified. Justified or not, it predictably will be closer to the surface and evident more often in the future than it was during the first Carter months.

The scene shifts to Senator Abraham Ribicoff's governmental affairs committee and its expectable effort to show that it really wasn't all that much of a sap when it approved Bert Lance's nomination after superficial inquiry last January. One of the most splendid lines in congressional history will undoubtedly be overlooked during the new Lance hearings. After Senators Talmadge and Nunn of Georgia had introduced Lance to the committee at the confirmation hearing with the customary banalities, Chairman Ribicoff was recorded by the official transcriber as follows: "All I can say, Senator Nunn, with friends like you, Mr. Lance does not need enemies."

John Osborne

They seem to have it made in Japan.

Tokyo Has Risen

Tokyo

For more than a decade now, Japan has led an idyllic existence, perhaps the best of any country in the world. Who would want to change anything? If you were Japan you could pride yourself, waking up each morning, on being the world's most successful and creative business executive. Pound for pound and mile per gallon, you make the best cameras, televisions, automobiles, tape recorders and motor scooters on earth, and with each passing day the world buys only more of them. You employ the world's most docile labor force, which accounts it an honor to work for you for life and, if dissatisfied, will wear a red armband on the job and call it a strike. Your people are unafflicted by racial, religious or regional rivalries. Potentially troublesome ideologists, left and right, do you the favor of being wildly impractical, hence politically impotent. The people continually elect conservatives to run the government—good friends of business—even when their party is tainted with scandal.

Your domestic consumers, bless them, are willing to pay outrageously high prices so you can charge less abroad, undercut your competition and expand your markets. For themselves, your people want more and better, cleaner and a bit bigger, yes, but they are willing to wait for everyone to move ahead together, and that is happening nicely. A smoking ruin 30 years ago, Japan is the third biggest country in the world, economically speaking.

If you are Japan, people call you a power, even a superpower, yet to make your idyll almost perfect, you have none of the hassles and responsibilities of other powers. You have no designs on anyone else's territory, and the United States is pledged to protect yours, so you spend next to nothing on weapons and armies and

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you stay out of wars. Other people may envy you, but nobody hates or fears you. You let other countries spend money and energy winning hearts and minds and fighting with national liberation movements. You pay out only as much foreign aid as seems necessary to maintain access to poor countries' raw materials and markets, and that isn't much. You get consulted about all the world's important matters, but really you don't have to decide anything. You can sit on your little island, if you are Japan, sell your goods to the world and tell it to pay up and not bother you.

It is not quite true to say that the world has not bothered Japan at all these last 10 or 15 years, but its shocks have produced no lasting ill-effects. President Nixon's opening to China and devaluation of the dollar, which seemed major tremors in 1971, have been adapted to long since. The quadrupling of the price of oil and the ensuing world recession pushed Japan's real growth rate into the red for 1974, but its average for the years 1966-75 was eight percent, and this year it will probably be back around seven per cent. Japan's national cash register, (digital and computerized, of course) has resumed making contented electronic sounds.

Can it all continue forever? Well, Japan obviously hopes it can. The world is bothering Japan again, leading some Japanese and friendly Americans to re-examine the country's identity and future relations with the United States and the rest of the world. The most prudent thing to do is stay relaxed, and reassert the faith that Japan will adapt nicely to whatever comes along and that what comes will not be too bad. Probably, things will not be much different here 10 years from now, as most Japanese hope. However, other scenarios do exist. Some idealists would like to see Japan become the world's chief conciliator, expert, problem-solver and do-gooder. Worst-case scenarists can picture Japan, if the world economic system collapsed or if the United States backed out on its security responsibilities, becoming either the electronic genius for China or the Soviet Union, or a chauvinistic, rearmed and nuclearized superpower, once more the swaggering boss of Asia.

The principal cause of discomfort is doubt about the future role of the United States. The era of American imperialism is over, one Japanese scholar told me, but we don't know what will replace it. Lately, there has been talk from the United States that this is the era of interdependence. But what does that mean? It sounds euphoric, but it also means you can't rely on any element. The situation is fluid. It could mean that the United States has ceased to be committed to Asia. United States officials insist that it means nothing of the kind, though their need to insist so often only demonstrates the extent of Asia's doubts. Secretary of State Vance sounded the theme in his Asia Society speech in June: "To the people of Asia, I say tonight without qualification that our nation has recovered its self-confidence at home. And we have not abandoned our interest in Asia." The Secretary of Defense, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, an Undersecretary of State and, finally, Vance himself all have been through Tokyo to deliver the message personally. On his way home from China two weeks ago, Vance handed over not one but two letters from President Carter to Japanese leaders, presumably conveying the same assurances and perhaps indicating also Carter's intent to visit Japan next year, by himself or in connection with another international economic summit. On top of all this, a group of US diplomats, Congressmen and Senators attending the prestigious Shimoda Conference on US-Japan relations last week was primed to reaffirm yet again America's good and loyal intentions.

After all the words have been said, however, the fact remains that every US action in Asia suggests retreat. The United States has 150,000 fewer troops stationed in Asia—Vietnam aside—than it did in 1964. All US forces are gone from Thailand and almost all from Taiwan. Now, the Carter administration intends to pull its remaining ground combat troops out of Korea. There have been doubts about whether the US intends to stay in its Philippine bases, and at times Carter has seemed near to swooning with enthusiasm at the idea of demilitarizing the Indian Ocean, which borders on Southeast Asia and Australia. Since there are no democracies in east Asia except for Japan, Carter's human rights campaign is taken by some critics as a pretext for pulling out. The Asians have heard reports that the American people are fed up with global responsibilities, and they fear Americans might be especially fed up with Asia, where US soldiers have been killed in three straight wars. Why is the United States pulling out of Korea at a time when it is increasing military resources in Europe? Some Japanese suspect the decisions are based more on racism than on military strategy.

There are other irritants. The Japanese government—like the US military—was merely informed, rather than consulted, about Carter's Korean withdrawal decision. The Japanese initially were concerned that the withdrawals would cause instability on the neighboring peninsula. The revised plan that has been developed leaves most of US forces in Korea into the 1980s. It seemed folly to some Japanese, at first—and to some Americans, too—for Carter to be withdrawing forces without getting anything in return from North Korea. The Japanese hope that the new schedule will provide the United States a lever to get talks started between North and South Korea.

The Japanese are also disturbed at Carter's efforts to stall development of nuclear fuel reprocessing plants. Only supercynics suspect the United States is trying to undercut Japan's competitive economic challenge by slowing its efforts to get free of total dependence on

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imported oil. Japan's establishment accepts that Carter is only trying to save the world from the dangers of runaway plutonium production. But they think this is another evangelical crusade of his that impinges painfully on Japan.

Japan has also needed reassurance that the United States will not move too swiftly in normalizing relations with the People's Republic of China and abandon Taiwan. Japan broke diplomatic relations with Taiwan itself in 1972—the two keep private commercial and unofficial government connection—but the United States defense treaty with Taiwan makes US decisions more delicate. You can't abandon Taiwan and continue to be leader of the free world, a Japanese defense analyst told me. And concern is even higher in non-Communist Southeast Asia than it is here in Japan.

President Carter reportedly intends to conclude the normalization process during this first term in office, if he can work out favorable terms with Peking—including, presumably, continued US military supply to Taiwan after the defense treaty has been abrogated. Vance's party passed through Tokyo conveying upbeat reports about Chinese reactions to Vance's proposals, but it is not clear what the Chinese actually said.

The American pattern of withdrawal from Asia has been accompanied by increased Soviet naval activity in the Sea of Japan and the Pacific, but the Japanese response cannot seriously be considered more than a stirring, and certainly not panic. One defense analyst has suggested converting the country's skeletal self-defense force into a Vietnam-style people's army through universal military training, but the idea has gone nowhere. Japan's defense agency has proposed a 12 percent budget increase for the coming fiscal year, but the total would still remain under one per cent of the nation's gross national product, compared to something like 10 percent in the United States. One percent seems to be a magic figure above which the Japanese political climate will not permit defense spending to go, despite the wishes of the US government and Japanese defense bureaucrats. A US Embassy official said he asked Japanese politicians why they did not vote higher defense outlays if they were truly concerned about US withdrawals. "All I got was blank stares," he said. US Information Agency polling of the Japanese population detects no sense of threat in the aftermath of US Korean withdrawal announcements. But one Japanese organizer of the Shimoda Conference said he would warn Americans there that he sees signs of renewed Japanese chauvinism and hears discussion, albeit only theoretical, of rearmament and even, perhaps, development of a nuclear arsenal. He was unable to cite specific cases, however, beyond newspaper editorials recalling the days when Japanese destroyers chased Russian warships out of neighboring waters. An American diplomat said he could not imagine Japan altering its constitution in order to rearm or go nuclear unless the United States abrogated its security treaty and declared an intention to pull its 40,000 troops out of Japan, which he said was inconceivable. Even in that event, according to a congressional Far East expert, reflecting his estimate of Japanese adaptability, the more likely result would be that Japan would ally itself with China or the Soviet Union.

The future that the Japanese government prefers is that of a superpower without military power, an unprecedented creature in world history and one whose shape and nature have yet to be defined clearly by anybody. Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda began trying to describe it in a speech August 18 in Manila, in which he seemed to commit his government to spend billions on industrial projects, agriculture, health and education in order to develop a heart-to-heart understanding to supplement the buy-and-sell business relationship Japan has with the five member countries of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations—Thailand, the Philippines, Indonesia, Singapore and Malaysia. Taking up the theme, idealists in Japan can suggest an abundance of other good works that their non-military superpower might perform, such as mediating international disputes like those between North and South Korea and between Communist and non-Communist Southeast Asia; taking a lead in the North-South Economic dialogue; promoting nuclear non-proliferation, world disarmament and a clean environment; organizing anti-hunger and anti-poverty drives and devising solutions to world trade and monetary problems. But Japan probably will not get itself involved in much of this, either. Even Fukuda's limited and tentative Asian offer was two years in the drafting, and this offer is now encountering opposition within the government. Cynics, some of them American, suggest that Fukuda's initiative—dubbed the Fukuda Doctrine by the press, but not by Fukuda—was merely a public relations device to repair Japan's piggish image among world traders.

Japan's creativity in inventing non-tariff trade barriers is legendary. American officials say, for example, that the US government sends anti-pollution inspectors over to Japan to test new cars, and commonly will process import clearances within weeks. Japan, however, has been requiring foreign automakers to ship test cars here, and then takes months to process them, insuring that few will get into the Japanese market. The Japanese also are accused by most of their trading partners of dumping goods abroad at substantially lower prices than they charge their domestic customers. The Japanese claim such complaints are based on protectionism and suggest that other industrial nations just aren't up to free competition anymore. Whether or not Japan sends any substantial foreign aid to Southeast Asia, Japan probably won't be searching the world for other problems to solve. Japan wants to be accorded respect as a major industrial

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power, but it does not want to throw its weight around. It moves very cautiously in the world, when it moves at all. Japan recognized China in 1972, but only after the United Nations had voted it into membership and contacts with the United States had begun. Japan and North Korea have much to discuss, and they communicate informally, but Japan will not move to establish diplomatic relations because it is reluctant to disturb the stability of the Korean Peninsula. The United States, for its part, seems to have no dramatic demands to place on Japan, and that is just as well, for Japan does not want to be pushed by domestic dreamers or by the United States, either. It doesn't want to increase its military expenditures until it is ready. It doesn't want to import anybody else's cars. It wants good relations with everybody, but entanglements with nobody. Japan wants to make Sonys, not war, and Toyotas, not waves. No man, perhaps, is an island; but Japan is, and it likes it that way.

Morton Kondracke

A look at US business-government cooperation in Latin America.

Four Years After the Fall

It is four years this month since the Chilean military—with considerable US encouragement—launched the bloody revolution that ousted the country's democratically elected Marxist president, Salvador Allende Gossens. Much of the story of American involvement in the events leading to the coup has been disclosed in subsequent Senate hearings. Former CIA Director Richard Helms faces possible indictment for perjury and the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation may be charged with fraud against the US government relating to its subversive activities in Chile (*TNR*, August 6 & 13). But neither the reports of the two Senate investigations nor Grand Judy activity throw adequate light on the extraordinary amount of meddling in Chile and elsewhere in Latin America by an alliance between three US administrations and the big American corporations.

US government policy in Latin America has been influenced by the interests of American corporations with investments in the area since the days of Theodore Roosevelt. The Marines "intervened" in places like the Dominican Republic in the 1920s so that New York banks could collect debts from their defaulting borrower governments. Policy toward Cuba always was formulated in concert with the big sugar companies and other investors. In 1954, the CIA and the United Fruit Company jointly organized an invasion of Guatemala to smash the seemingly Communist-oriented regime of Colonel Jacobo Arbenz Guzman. The Guatemalan affair set the tone for the intimate cooperation between the US government and American corporations for policing law and order in the hemisphere during the 1960s and 1970s.

The administration of John F. Kennedy encouraged the US-based multinational companies to interfere in domestic politics of Latin American countries. This encouragement came in the form of an invitation late in 1962 from President Kennedy to David Rockefeller, chairman of the board of the Chase Manhattan Bank, to organize a group of leading US businessmen to maintain a dialogue with the administration on social and economic policy in Latin America.

The influence of the Council, with an annual budget of $750,000, rose when Lyndon Johnson became President. Thomas C. Mann, an intimate friend of the corporations, was appointed chief of the State Department's Bureau of American Republics' Affairs. This marks the beginning of covert US interventionist activities in the 1960s.

Enno Hobbing, a former CIA official who for 12 years directed the activities of the Council for Latin America—the group of 210 corporations David Rockefeller set up at Kennedy's request—wrote in an internal Council document entitled "More Than Profits—The Story of Business Civic Action in Latin America":

"One of Secretary Mann's early refinements of the business-government dialogue was to have the business group establish small subcommittees which corresponded to the nine Area Desks of the Latin American divisions of the Department of State and the Agency for International Development . . . . Through the subcommittees of the business group, executives thus had an opportunity to trade views and recommendations with the State Department and AID officers concerned with day-to-day affairs in Latin America. The Desk-Subcommittee dialogues put meat on the bones of the necessarily more generalized policy discussions between top Administration officials and the business group as a whole.

"The stage was now set," Hobbing wrote, "for a synthesis of the US business and government roles in Latin America. Both parties had decided that they could neither go it alone nor in opposition to each other, but that they had to try to make of business and government twin arms of the US and the Latin American interest."

In 1964 the business-government alliance scored its great victories in Latin America. First came the military overthrow of President João Goulart in Brazil. Goulart's regime had tempered its ineptitude and corruption with overblown leftist rhetoric. Then came

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Allende's defeat in his second bid for the presidency of Chile. The victor was Eduardo Frei Montalva, the Christian Democratic leader. Both the US government and the corporations were deeply involved in these events.

In Brazil, American and Brazilian businessmen worked together to create a political climate in which the armed forces would be encouraged to move against Goulart. American corporations secretly contributed to a fund that financed anti-Goulart propaganda. The CIA helped to coordinate this effort. When the coup finally came, a US Navy task force was standing off the Brazilian coast near Rio de Janeiro, ready to "rescue Americans" if serious fighting broke out—an intervention scenario that actually was played out a year later in the Dominican Republic. Cyrus Vance, then Deputy Secretary of Defense, supervised the naval movements.

Massive covert and financial political support by the CIA and American corporations with heavy investments in copper mining and communications may have been decisive in Frei's victory in Chile. According to the Senate Intelligence Committee, the CIA spent more than three million dollars to beat Allende in 1964. Others believe that the total was as much as $10 million. This secret effort was approved by the White House "Special Group" on intelligence, headed by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy—the same group that planned assassination attempts against Castro. It was coordinated by a special "electoral committee" made up of Mann, National Security Adviser McGeorge Bundy, presidential assistant Ralph A. Dungan and CIA western hemisphere division chief Desmond Fitzgerald.

The business community was very much part of this enterprise, working with the CIA as well as with Chilean rightist politicians, local businessmen and even key figures in the Roman Catholic Church. The Senate Intelligence Committee reported that "in addition to providing information and cover to the CIA, multinational corporations also participated in covert attempts to influence Chilean politics" and "during the 1964 presidential campaign, representatives of multinational corporations approached the CIA with a proposal to provide campaign funds to the Christian Democrats." The report said, "A group of American businessmen in Chile offered to provide one and a half million dollars to be administered and disbursed covertly by the US Government to prevent Allende from winning the 1964 election." According to the Senate committee, both the CIA and the "Special Group" turned down this offer. But other knowledgeable sources insist that the corporations then proceeded to supply money to Frei through other channels such as Brazilian corporations and West German organizations.

American businessmen took credit for these developments. The Council on Latin America's Enno Hobbing wrote: "The victories of the Latin American moderates in 1964 were the victories of the business community, too. The participation of businessmen in the democratic victories of 1964 put them into the mainstream of modern Latin American life. They were no longer the pariahs of 1960-61. Neither were they the back-room fixers, the owners or the masters of the politicians, as they had been in times past. In the campaign of 1964, the businessmen were a legitimate, competitive, independent civic force."

No sooner was Frei elected than the corporations and the government began preparing for the 1970 elections, in which Allende was certain to run again. Dungan, one of the members of the administration's "special electoral committee," was named US Ambassador to Chile less than a month after the Frei victory. Clearly, his mission was to support Frei and to see to it that Allende's leftists made no inroads. US economic aid to Chile jumped from $85 million in 1963 to $260 million in 1967

In 1965 the White House approved $175,000 in CIA funds to assist Christian Democratic candidates in the approaching congressional elections. Dungan attempted to enforce a commitment made to Frei by the Anaconda Company, one of the two biggest American copper companies in Chile, to hire only Christian Democratic party members as workers in its mines. A classified memorandum from the files of the American Embassy in Santiago reports on a meeting of May 18, 1967, involving Dungan, his deputy Robert Dean, and the Anaconda manager in Chile Richard Sims:

" . . . The Ambassador spoke to Mr. Sims concerning reports he had received directly from President Frei and Defense Minister Carmona to the effect that the Anaconda people at Chuquicamata [Anaconda's principal mine] were not cooperating effectively with Frei government representatives in the agreement reached some time back between Sims and Carmona to employ as many non-FRAP [FRAP was the Allende-led leftist coalition], Christian Democrat-oriented workers at the mines as possible in an effort to break FRAP's monopoly control over workers in that area. The Ambassador pointed out the complete dissatisfaction of both Frei and Carmona with the way the agreement was working and their belief that Anaconda was not cooperating. Of the lists of non-FRAP workers . . only 7 applicants had been hired of 189 jobs that had been filled since the agreement was reached . . . . Mr. Sims . . . said he was sincerely interested in seeing that the system worked, but added several reasons for the small number of names thus far selected. He said that some of the names on the lists given to the company were not qualified for reasons of age, job specialty, health, etc. . . . The Ambassador suggested that perhaps, although Sims himself was dedicated to making the agreement work, the Anaconda representatives in Chuqui were not so dedicated . . . The

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Ambassador said that if he were in President Frei's boots he would not be looking to Carmona or Sims for explanations as to why the system didn't work. He would ask only for results, and 7 out of 189 vacancies certainly did not represent results."

A month later Dungan resigned for personal reasons. He was replaced by Edward Korry, a former newspaperman who had just completed a tour of duty as US Ambassador to Ethiopia. Korry is strongly anti-Communist and abhorred the idea of an Allende victory, but nevertheless he adopted a hands-off policy toward the presidential elections that were to take place in September 1970. His telegrams to the State Department in 1969 and 1970 argued that there was no likelihood of an immediate coup by the Chilean military to keep Allende out of office. In a secret telegram in August 1970, replying to a State Department request for his views on an "option" for Allende's overthrow if he were elected, Korry stated that "the conditions that currently prevail in the army make doubtful any effective army move to block Allende . . . . There is doubt about the troops' willingness to follow their officers for such a purpose and there is said to be considerable Allende sentiment among the noncoms or, at the very minimum, an unwillingness to obstruct him . . . While all sorts of Caribbean cabals can be plotted and we have indulged in spinning out some, they strike me as fanciful and really unplannable because of army conditions and because of the Chilean parties."

Korry and his immediate State Department superiors were unaware that President Nixon and Henry Kissinger already had virtually made up their minds that a military coup should be staged in Chile to keep Allende out. This decision, known as "Track Two," was made on September 15 in the Oval Office, 11 days after Allende had won a plurality in the elections. The State Department opposed a military coup and were pleased with Korry's comments. Like Korry, the men at Foggy Bottom knew about the flow of CIA money to Allende's opponents. But they considered the "overthrow" idea to be disastrous. At the White House, where a different mentality prevailed, Korry's dispatch was read with annoyance.

Korry already had made himself unpopular at the White House the previous May when he objected to an offer by the Anaconda Company to give $500,000 to the campaign of Jorge Alessandri, the conservative candidate. Anaconda's initiative pre-dated ITT's, but was discussed in the course of later Senate investigations, which centered only on ITT's activities. It is not mentioned in the report of the Senate Intelligence Committee. The $500,000 proposition was made by Anaconda's board chairman Charles Jay Parkinson to Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Charles A. Meyer on April 10, 1970. Anaconda, which valued its Chilean investments at $165 million, was deeply concerned that Allende would nationalize the copper mines. Meyer, a business executive himself, took a dim view of such direct involvement by an American company. But he asked Korry's opinion. On April 28, Korry cabled that "whatever other judgments may be involved, there is one overwhelming practical obstacle—the impossibility of maintaining a cover of discretion for any such suggested US action . . . . Also US opposition to the candidate of the Christian Democrats who control the government and the largest single party would doubtless produce a negative reaction that would do harm to immediate and long-term US interest."

The State Department agreed with Korry. On May 5, William P. Stedman Jr., then director of the Office of Andean-Pacific Affairs, wrote to Korry that, "The Anaconda pitch has been dismissed and I would hope we will hear nothing further about it from them. That is probably naive, but you have provided a remarkably effective strengthening of our position." Stedman was, indeed, naive. The White House ordered that all the copies of the Korry telegram be pulled in and that there should be no further distribution throughout the government. Anaconda apparently made no further offers. But two months later the CIA agreed to assist ITT in delivering $350,000 in secret contributions to the Alessandri campaign. This time Korry's advice was not sought.

Korry's days were numbered. His attitude was not one that Nixon and Kissinger expected from US ambassadors. Late in 1970, after Allende took office, Korry was advised that he would be reassigned from Chile. There was a year's reprieve, mainly because of the State Department's pressure, but by September 1971 Korry was out of Santiago. He was promised another ambassadorial appointment, but it never materialized and finally he left government service. Now living in northern Connecticut, Korry is persuaded that he was penalized for his beliefs and that a continuing effort is underway to discredit him so that the full story of the covert US government-business alliance in Chile and elsewhere in Latin America does not surface. But the secret telegrams, memoranda and letters he has appear to bear out his story.

The Council on Latin America, meanwhile, lives on, hopeful that its relationship with the Carter administration will be as intimate as it was with preceeding administrations. It has recently changed its name to *Council of the Americas*. The Council still takes the view, not unnaturally, that the US government should, at all costs, protect American corporate investments in Latin America. These now amount to $24 billion, the highest ever. It publishes learned studies to demonstrate that the multinationals are crucial for the area's economic development, which is not necessarily altogether wrong.

Tad Szulc

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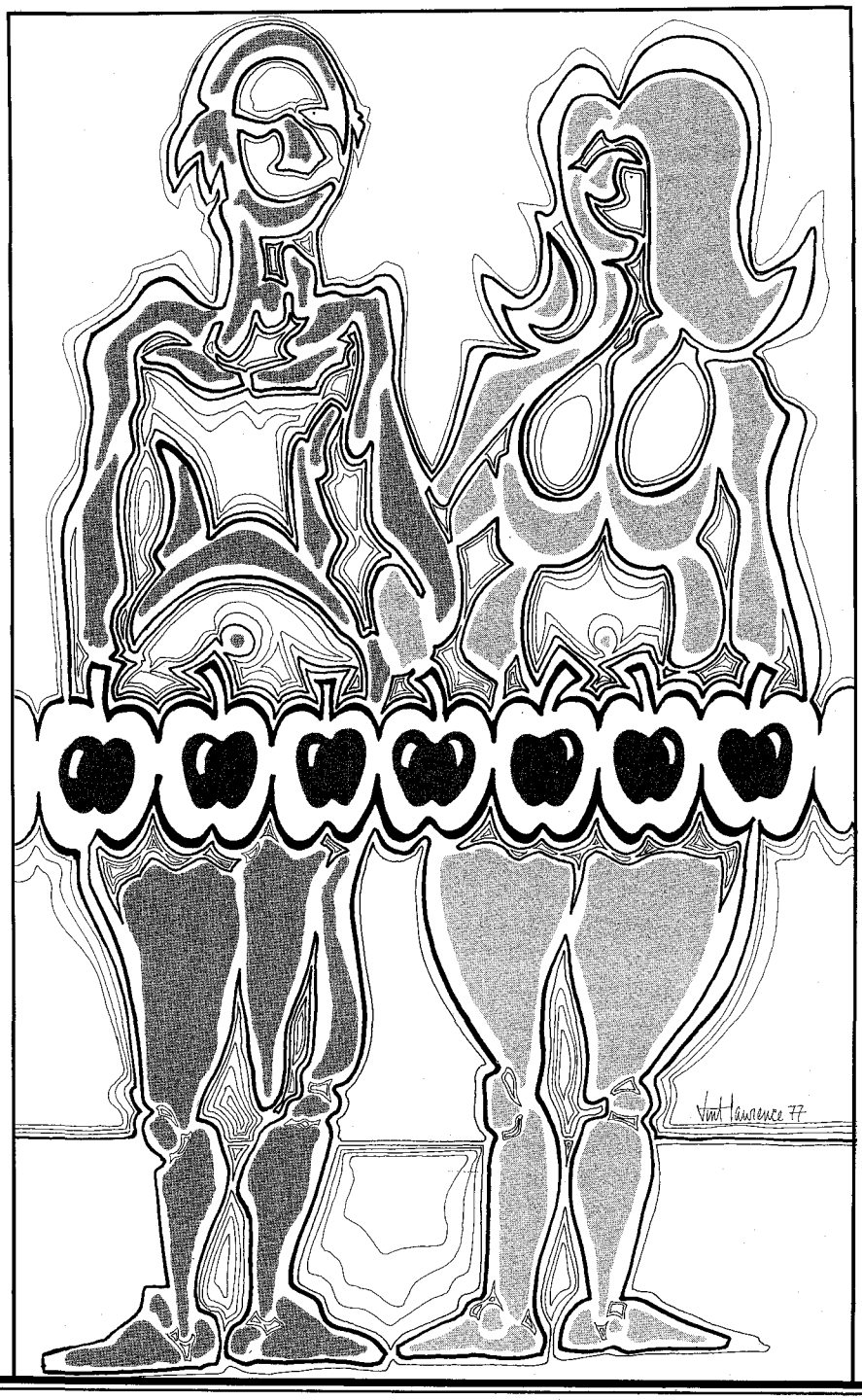
The Seven Deadly Sins Today, I



Drawing by Vint Lawrence

The Fact Of Sin

by Henry Fairlie

Even in a secular age, we need to keep the idea of sin. We are not exempt from the Seven Deadly Sins simply because we do not understand that the wilful violation of our humanity is no less a wilful violation of our life in God; and even the most irreligious amongst us can have some idea of what that concept means. When a theologian says that "in each of the sins, a man acts in such a way as to make his relationship to God precarious, frightened, suspicion-laden, deceitful," it is not impossible for the irreligious to understand what he is saying; as they can also understand when he adds that "sin is what a man is compelled to confess to God because his action has placed him in a crisis before God." Certainly if one has no inkling of what he is talking about, one will not understand why sin is more than moral evil, and is commonly described as infidelity;

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why it has been said that sin is less like the act of a criminal than the act of a traitor.

Sin is the destruction of one's self as well as the destruction of one's relationship with others. But the terribleness of the self-destruction cannot be grasped unless we realize that the damage is done precisely where each of our natures is organized by some unifying principle that is more than their parts: where there is something unknowable in us, which we nevertheless know to be most completely ourselves, and with which we have in fact to form our own relationship.

> *Below the surface stream, shallow and light,*
> *Of what we say we feel—below the stream,*
> *As light, of what we think we feel, there flows*
> *With noiseless current, strong, obscure and deep,*
> *The central stream of what we feel indeed.*

This is where sin causes its devastation in us, at the very core of our beings, where life's flow is this noiseless, strong, deep, obscure current in us; and if to talk of God helps to reinforce our awareness of how severe is the violation, then even the unbelieving may sometimes use His name without taking it in vain.

Nevertheless, these essays are addressed to a secular age, by someone who can perhaps best describe himself as a reluctant unbeliever. Sin is "whatever I do that mars, mauls, inflates, depresses, distorts, or abandons" our humanity, and through us it therefore does all these things to our societies. A book was published recently with the title *Sinful Social Structures*, and we need sometimes to think of our societies as sinning. The toleration of avoidable poverty is sinful. It is the sin of Avarice. The glut of foods and goods that we consume is sinful. It is the sin of Gluttony. The exploitation of sex is sinful. It is the sin of Lust. These are partly our own sinning—we are avaricious, we are gluttonous, we are lustful—but not entirely so. A society is not only the individuals who compose it. It has its own life, in its laws and institutions, its customs and values, and through them it is able to impose on us. It can incite us to do what we ought not to do, and lull us into not doing what we ought to do. We may be ultimately responsible as individuals, since we could change our societies if we wished. But that they are capable of sinning on their own, without our direct approval or participation, is beyond any doubt. If we neglect the poor, it is not only because we are avaricous, not even only because those who manage the economy may be particularly avaricious, but because the economic system is itself founded on Avarice.

The relationship of the individual to his society is at the core of these essays. It has seldom been less harmonious than now. The individual should find an inner personal satisfaction in the performance of his social responsibilities. But he hardly finds it today. The individual uses his society, society uses the individual: that is today the breadth and depth of the relationship. It is a mutual bargain, not a joint enterprise; and even in the bargain, there is little trust. It is hard to think of a time in Western civilization when the individual has been so subject to society, yet felt so little attached to it; or when society has been forced to govern so much, but with so little moral authority to govern at all. The dislocation is so severe that it should tell us that we do not face only a few social problems, which we may meet with yet more feats of social engineering, but are confronted by the results of our refusal to contemplate the fact of evil with any intelligent strenuousness.

It is characteristic of our age that people want to have God, but do not want to have the Devil. People are inventing gods for themselves, with what I have elsewhere called their Do-It-Yourself God Kits. But they are gods who will not demand much of them, and who certainly do not punish. On the contrary, their gods absolve them from conflict and doubt, massage them, pat them on the head and, rather like their parents, tell them to run along, get stoned, and pick daisies. But above all they are gods who will not trouble them with the fact of evil. The problems of evil, suffering and death are not confronted, but evaded and dismissed. The recipes are too easy. Twenty minutes of transcendental meditation or Zen tennis and the thing is done: one is again made whole, at peace with the world, and so with oneself.

Unfortunately the Devil is cleverer than any guru. If God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, the Devil moves in ingenious ones to accomplish his victories. He is rather like the hotel burglar, who goes down the corridors, trying all the doors, until he finds one that is unlocked. "Resist the Devil," says the New Testament, "and he will flee from you". Perhaps he will. But it is not easy to lock him out; he has too many pass keys. "The Devil is a gentleman," said Shelley, and the irony is double. For if Shelley was most interested in making a comment about gentlemen, it is no less true that the Devil often has the most civil manners, and comes with impeccable letters of introduction. He was himself, after all, rather well-born; and like the younger son of a good family who has fallen on bad times, he is very adept at insinuating himself into the best of company. "The Devil's cleverest wile is to convince us that he does not exist," said Baudelaire. This is not as difficult for him as it might seem, since he is inside us already, and we do not care to look there to find him.

We can recognize evil in others, but if we wish to look on the face of sin, we will see it most clearly in ourselves. It cannot always be recognized or measured by its visible consequences. The face of Dorian Gray did not change where it could be seen; it changed only in the portrait in the attic of which only he knew. Sin is our secret from others. Only we know where, and how deeply, it has taken root in us. Although we are all sinful, every discussion of it must proceed outward

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from ourselves. It is only our awareness of its presence in us that makes us then aware of how universally it is present. We learn more from St. Augustine about the nature of sin in his *Confessions* than in all the volumes of the *City of God*. The essays that follow are not confessions, but they are written in the belief that we are, in ourselves and in our societies, trifling with the fact that sin exists, and that we are blind to its destructiveness.

If we acknowledge the existence of sin at all, we must acknowledge that there is original sin. But the idea of original sin is so abused, when it is secularized, that we need to be clear about it. Nothing is more searching in Augustine's many interpretations of the Fall than his insistence that "our first parents" were already wicked in themselves before they succumbed to the actual temptation, otherwise "the Devil would not have begun by an open and obvious sin to tempt man into doing something which God had forbidden." Man had "already begun to seek satisfaction in himself and, consequently, to take pleasure in the words, 'You shall be as Gods'". We have already said something of the same in secular terms: that the evil we do, and the consequences of it we can see, are not in themselves our sinning, but have been preceded by it. Our sin is that we are in the frame of mind to listen to the Devil, before we do what the Devil asks of us.

The notion that every baby is born sinful is too simple. The result of the Fall was our loss of sanctifying grace, and this deprivation has left mankind with the inclination to sin. It is a tendency to sinfulness that is inherent in man; and these words—*inclination and tendency*—are crucial. They help to demystify the idea of original sin, when its secularizers seem bent on mystifying it. Baptism remits original sin, but it leaves us still subject to physical and human disabilities, and our free will remains. We may still choose a righteous course or a sinful one. "No one sins because God foreknew he would sin," says Augustine, "No one sins unless it is his choice to sin; and his choice not to sin, that also God foresaw." His foreknowledge leaves us still free agents. We sin necessarily but willingly.

When it is secularized and applied to our relationships with our societies, the idea of original sin is most often used by conservatives. Since we are inherently so wicked, they say, we cannot be trusted with the freedom, and with much else, that we demand so imperiously. This has from the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, the political theology of the *National Review*, and of course of other conservatives. But thus to secularize the idea of original sin, by removing from it the remittance by baptism, by diminishing the concept of our free will, by failing to emphasize that it is of an inclination to sinfulness that is inherent in our natures: this is to make the relationship of man with his God, and man with his neighbors, not merely contemptible but meaningless. We said at the beginning that sin is wilful. It is always our choice. But the conservative's interpretation of original sin is that man is so inherently doomed to do evil that there is very little society can do but truss him up. The idea that society is a partnership of its members, which will not confine them so much as free them to choose rightly, is one that he is reluctant to entertain. There has to be only one backsliding, and he wags his finger and says, "There is the old Adam in man".

The Seven Deadly Sins—Pride, Avarice, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy, Sloth—are also called capital vices. They are *capital*, because they will inevitably lead to other sins. They are *deadly*, because they will easily lead to mortal sin. They are *vices*, because they are not distinct acts but habits: passions or appetites. They are therefore a continual deflection from the order of right reason, and an offense against our dignity as human beings, since "man's fundamental duty is to act in accordance with his rational nature." As we will see in our examination of each of them, we lose control of ourselves to them. We put ourselves into slavery to them, into what Spinoza calls bondage: "for, when a man is a prey to his emotions, he is not his own master, but lies at the mercy of fortune." This is one reason why we talk of the stain of sin, because it is not something that touches us here and there, now and then, moving us to evil acts, but informs our whole natures. We lose possession of ourselves.

The abandonment of our rational natures makes us take things which are good and worthy in themselves, lift them out of their place, and magnify their importance, both to ourselves and in the whole scheme of things; and this lack of proportion may be found in the excessive significance that we give to some created and finite good. This is true today of the attention we give to sex, which is a form of lust; of our excessive desire for material things, which is a form of Avarice; of our obsession with what we eat and drink and the drugs we take, which is a form of Gluttony; of the clamor for personal rights that are not rights at all, which is a form of Anger; and we will come to the rest, and to the several forms that each of them now takes. In resisting them, we seem today to have very few devices with which to restore our perspective.

"The sense of humor is the just balance of all the faculties of man, the best security against the pride of knowledge and the conceits of the imagination, the strongest inducement to submit with a wise and pious patience to the vicissitudes of human existence". So said Monckton Milnes in his *Memoir of Thomas Hood*, and it is not a trivial text to set at the beginning. If a sense of humor is a defense against the sin of pride, it is no less a defense against all the sins. The one thing that the Devil does not like is to be laughed at. The one sound that we never hear in *Paradise Lost* is the sound of laughter, and we cannot put all the blame on Milton, even though he was not the English poet most frequently given to merriment. What being can be less given to laughter than a fallen angel? One cannot draw

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laughter into the faces of any of the Seven Deadly Sins. But what is relevant to us here is that, above all, a sense of humor is a sense of proportion.

There is something mirthless about our age, and it is partly because we will not acknowledge the fact of sin. Endlessly we scrape over our faults and weaknesses, which we ought to be able to take in good part, in others and in ourselves, because we will not acknowledge that the real danger lies elsewhere and deeper. We give game, set, and match to the Devil, when he has won only an advantage. He finds a chink in our armor, where we have been found weak or at fault, and when he cries, "Aha! You are already lost," we open ourselves to his much greater depredations. This is why Kafka is right when he says: "One of the Devil's most effective tricks to waylay us is to pick a fight with us. It is like a fight with a woman which ends in bed." He makes us quarrelsome, and the quarrel only reinforces the sense of familiarity with him. He is full of innuendoes, that he knows us and knows what we are up to, until at last the fight seems pointless and wearying, and we decide that it is futile for us to carry it on or resist any longer.

In no other age can people have been so apparently frank and serious about their pecadilloes, so ready to confess them openly and publicly flagellate themselves for them, at cocktail parties and at the dinner table, only to use their wrong-doing as a justification for not resisting the total despoilation that sin will cause. If the greatest of the sins is Pride, this is one of the commonest forms of Pride in our time. Mirthlessly and to our self-satisfaction, we boast of our faults in order to concede to the sin. If we have erred in a moment of lust, humorlessly we confess it and, as if by a miracle of absolution, then progress to the sin of Lust, since we have proved that it is in our natures. There is in these essays an implicit criticism of psychiatry; of the excuses that it finds for us, and of the shallowness of the accomodations that it invites us to make. Its explanations are our substitutes for the idea of sin, and in nothing is this more obvious than in the mirthlessness with which it encourages us to be absorbed in our lesser disorders, our faults and our weaknesses, while it frees us from the dark night of the soul in which we must wrestle alone with our evil.

That the sins bring us in the end to solitude and to death is too well understood for these fearful consequences to be discussed in general: we will examine the forms that they take when we consider each of the sins as we may observe them today. Pride is always put first, since it is regarded as a universal vice, and the source and inspiration of the others. Avarice is usually put second, for reasons which we will see when we discuss it. For the rest, the order given above is the common one, although it is worth noticing that Gregory the Great, while still putting Pride first, then put Envy and Anger and Sloth, in that order, before Avarice and Gluttony and lastly Lust. It is because of its importance that I have chosen to discuss Pride at the end, as a kind of summation. I have also examined Envy and Anger before Avarice, not because I depose Avarice from its place, but because I think that its evil is best understood, in our age, if we have been forced first to consider sins that have less obvious satisfactions. These questions are important, because all of the Seven Deadly Sins inspire and incite to the others. They are intertwined. As the readers follow this exploration of them, it is hoped that they will at least acknowledge, even where he or she may disagree, that the insights that are gained into ourselves and our societies are not superficial.

This article is the first in a series excerpted from a book, The Seven Deadly Sins Today, *to be published next year by New Republic Books.*

Religion explains more about the civil war than politics does.

Right and Left in Lebanon

by Bernard Lewis

It is a fact well known to all students of the press that the recent civil war in Lebanon was basically a conflict between right and left and, furthermore, that in Lebanon as everywhere else in the world, the right represented the wealthy who wished to preserve the existing order while the left represented the poor who wished to change it. Some of the more intellectually ambitious newspapers sometimes spoke of "Christian rightists" and "Muslim leftists," indicating that there

Bernard Lewis's most recent book is *History—Remembered, Recovered, Invented* (Princeton).

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might be some connection between Christendom and the right on the one hand and Islam and the left on the other. But this was easily explained by the equally well-known fact that Christians were rich and Muslims were poor and that consequently Muslim hostility to Christians—like all authentic hostility—was socioeconomic in origin.

Occasionally, some small news item might appear to throw doubt on the validity of this picture—for example a report that at the height of the conflict muezzins called from the minarets of Beirut summoning the faithful to battle for the leftist cause; or, more recently, a report that followers of the leftist leader Kemal Jumblatt had avenged his death by murdering between 100 and 200 Christian villagers. If newspaper readers also had been able to follow the Arabic press, they might have found some other discrepant details, such as an interview granted by Jumblatt to the Lebanese newspaper *Al-Bayrak* in which he spoke warmly of Hitler ("At least he would have saved us from the Zionists") and of Nazism ("We must not take a strong stand against Nazism, just as we must not agree with everything the leftists say—Nazism should be revived somewhat").

But such information remains mostly unknown to the Western reader, while the few disturbing details that manage to seep through are easily cast aside. For some time now, Westerners, with few exceptions, have ceased to give religion a central place among their concerns, and therefore have been unwilling to concede that anyone else could do so. For the progressive modern mind, it is simply not admissible that people would fight and die over mere differences of religion. The very suggestion, particularly when speaking of Asians and Africans, is seen as an affront by liberal opinion. Even in their present mood of self-flagellation Westerners still tend to make themselves the model and pattern of mankind, and feel that it is an intolerable insult to suggest that other people, in other places, may have standards and loyalties different from their own.

These attitudes help to explain the common failure of journalism, scholarship, diplomacy, perhaps even intelligence, to perceive and describe the power of religious and communal loyalty in the affairs of the Middle East; instead, they resort to the language of right wing and left wing, progressive and reactionary, and the rest of our parochial Western vocabulary, the use of which in explaining Middle Eastern movements and events is about as enlightening as an account of an American presidential election in terms of tribes and sects.

"Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things which are God's." This distinction, which forms a recurring theme throughout the history of Christendom, is foreign to Islam. Christianity, in its early formative years, was distant from and indeed persecuted by the state, with which it did not become involved until after it had created its own separate institution, the Church. Islam, from the lifetime of its founder, *was* the state, and moreover one favored with success and victory. The linkage of religion and power, community and polity, thus was established for its people by revelation and confirmed by history.

One result is that for Muslims religion is not, as for Christians, concerned with one part of life, leaving the rest to the State; it is concerned with the whole of life. And its ruling institution is Church and State in one. It was comparatively recently, under Christian influence, that the concept of a separation between lay and ecclesiastical, secular and religious, in other words between Church and State, began to appear, and terms were coined to express this dichotomy.

A second result is that religion—rather than country, language, descent or nationality—has been the primary basis and focus of identity and loyalty, that which distinguishes those who belong to the group and marks them off from others outside the group. The imported Western idea of ethnic and territorial nationhood has had an extraordinary impact; but it remains, like secularism, alien in origin and imperfectly assimilated.

During the early decades of this century, when the influence of the liberal democracies of Western Europe was paramount in the world, and when political life in Middle Eastern countries was dominated by a small, privileged, Western-educated elite, the idea of a multi-denominational nation-state with a secular, liberal democratic regime enjoyed wide support. The rise of new and more radical ideologies in recent years, together with the emergence of new and more authentically indigenous movements, has led paradoxically to what is often a return to much more traditional forms of loyalty.

Lebanon is a classical example of Middle Eastern identity problems. Lebanon is more than just another Middle Eastern state. Among the numerous new states that were fashioned out of the debris of the Ottoman Empire in Asia at the end of the First World War, it was the only one with a real and deeply rooted historic identity. Most of the others were artificially constituted and arbitrarily defined; they were given new names, exhumed and reconditioned either from classical antiquity, like Syria and Palestine, or from medieval Islam, like Iraq. These names had not been

Next Week:

Robin Marris asks,
"Is Britain an awful
warning to America?"

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used for centuries in the area and at that time had no real roots in the consciousness and loyalties of the inhabitants of the countries which they designated.

The Republic of Lebanon was quite different. It continued an established and living tradition of autonomy and separate identity, maintained, often under conditions of great difficulty, through the centuries of Ottoman rule. The Lebanese heartland consisted of the Mountain, with a very rough rectangle of territory extending from just south of Tripoli to just north of Sidon on the coast and slanting inland, northward and southward, to a line running from north to south through Zahle. It was inhabited primarily by Christians, most of them Maronites, and by Druzes and Shi'ites, followers of two heterodox Muslim sects. With its difficult terrain and its non-conformist population, it had long been a refuge of social, intellectual and, in some measure, even of political independence within the Ottoman world.

Relations between the Lebanese Christians and the West go back many centuries, to a time when the Muslim peoples of the Middle East were sealed off from all contact with Western civilization. The Maronite Christians belong to a Uniate church. They have been in touch with Rome and Europe intermittently since the Crusades, and consistently since the 17th century. From the 1830s the port of Beirut grew rapidly in size and importance, and a new Christian commercial bourgeoisie played a major part in its growth. By the mid-1800s, the region boasted something which previously had been entirely lacking—a prosperous, educated, Arabic-speaking middle class. That they were almost exclusively Christian greatly limited their economic impact and almost entirely inhibited any social and political impact. But a change in the political circumstances of Lebanon and later of Egypt opened a new era for them.

In 1858, a development occurred of far-reaching significance. This was a rising among the Maronite peasantry of Kisrawan against their predominantly Druze landlords. The struggle was transformed into a more general conflict between Christians and Muslims, especially Druzes, culminating in what was, by the gentler standards of the mid-19th century, a major massacre. Some 11,000 Christians are said to have been killed in the Mountain and a few thousand more in Damascus. This led directly to French military intervention and, under Western diplomatic pressure, to the creation in 1861 of a special regime for Lebanon known as the Règlement Organique.

Under this regime, the Mountain and the immediately adjoining areas were to form an autonomous entity, governed by a Christian governor who would be an Ottoman subject but not a Lebanese, and whose appointment was to be approved by the Powers. He was to be assisted by an administrative council of 12 elected members, representing the different religious communities: four Maronites, three Druzes, two Greek Orthodox Christians, one Greek Catholic Christian, one Sunni Muslim and one Shi'ite Muslim. The territory was to be divided into seven districts, each governed by a district officer of the locally dominant religious coommunity. Similar administrative appointments were to be made in sub-districts and even in villages. Order was to be maintained by a locally recruited Lebanese gendarmerie; money to be raised by locally collected taxes and administered through a Lebanese budget. Only the surplus, if any remained after meeting local expenses, was to be remitted to the central Ottoman government in Istanbul. Justice, taxation, education, transport and other services all were locally administered. The Règlement provided for the abolition of feudal privileges and the establishment of full equality before the law of all Lebanese.

The autonomous Lebanese principality set up by the Règlement Organique of 1861 enjoyed an enormous success. The Christian Lebanon already possesed a thriving commercial middle class and now also had an active and enterprising smallholding class. The new political order provided a framework of peace, security and good government; it also allowed a rapid development of education and, consequently, of cultural and intellectual life. In a sense, it was in the Christian Lebanon that the Arab revival began. The Lebanese were Christians and rather Western in their outlook. But their language of expression was Arabic, and their energy and skills enabled them to make an immense contribution to Arab life. The relatively open society and stable regime in Egypt in the later 19th century created similar conditions and Lebanese migrants, attracted by the larger opportunities and greater security of that country, were among the founders of modern Egypt.

From the beginning, Christians played a leading role among the exponents and leaders of secular nationalism. As members of non-Muslim communities in a Muslim state, they had occupied a position of stable, privileged but nevertheless unmistakable inferiority; in an age of change even the rights which that status gave them were endangered. In a state in which the basis of identity was to be not religion, not community, but language and culture, they could hope to achieve the full membership and real equality that had been denied to them under the old dispensation. Christians figure very prominently among the outstanding poets, novelists, editors and ideologists in the earlier stages of modern Arab literature. Even in the nationalist movements, many of the leaders and spokesmen were members of Christian minorities. This prominence in cultural and political life was paralleled by a rapid advance of the Christian minorities in material wealth.

The Lebanon of the Règlement Organique came to an end in the First World War. After the war and the destruction of the Ottoman Empire, the French government as Mandatory Power for the Syrian lands

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created a new "Greater Lebanon" by adding a number of adjoining districts to the original Lebanese heartland. The purpose of this change was to create a larger and therefore presumably more viable Lebanese state. Its effect was to reduce the Christians to the role of one minority among others and ultimately to place their cherished ascendancy or even autonomy in peril.

In recent decades, this Christian prominence has ceased to be tolerable to Muslims. Partly through measures of nationalization adopted by Socialist governments, partly by other more direct means, the economic power of the Christians as of other minority communities has been reduced in one country after another and now has been challenged in its last stronghold, Lebanon. Christian predominance in Arab intellectual life has been ended long since and a new generation of writers and editors has arisen, the overwhelming majority of whom are Muslims. There still are Christian politicians and Christian ideologists but their role is very much circumscribed in a society increasingly conscious of its Muslim identity, background and aspirations. It is noticeable that many of the more violent terrorist organizations tend to be Christian in membership, for in the radical extremism professed by these groups, Christians still hope to find the acceptance and equality which eluded them in nationalism. The aspirations—and disappointments—of Jewish radicals in Czarist Russia offer an instructive parallel.

As the nationalist movement has become more genuinely popular, it has become less national and more religious. In moments of crisis, and there have been many of these in recent decades, the instinctive communal loyalty outweighs others.

Against this background, the mystifying confrontation of right and left may be a little easier to understand. The Jumblatts are a family of emirs, apparently of Kurdish origin, Druze by religion. For centuries they have been leaders of what in the past was called the Jumblatti party. The Jumblatts are first heard of in Syria and appear to have settled finally in Lebanon during the early 17th century. By the early 18th century they were playing a major part in the interplay of Lebanese feudal politics. The Jumblatt party had its own armed forces and even its own flag—scarlet edged with green, bearing a hand and a dark green scimitar. They played an important part in all major developments in Lebanon. Said Jumblatt, for example, was one of the Druze leaders in the troubles of 1860. In the aftermath he was condemned to death by the Ottoman authorities and died in prison in 1861. Through the centuries the Jumblatt party—composed of peasants and retainers of the Jumblatt emirs—has gone through many forms, the most recent of which is the Progressive Socialist Party, founded by Kemal Jumblatt in 1949.

So much for the leftists. The term rightist is about equally appropriate in describing the Lebanese Phalanges. The name which this party gives itself is *Kata'ib*, the plural of a medieval Arabic term denoting a military formation which might be translated *phalanx*, but would be better translated *troop, squadron* or *regiment*, since it is usually applied to cavalry. The French translation *phalanges* probably was adopted in imitation of the Spanish party and was abandoned years ago by the *Kata'ib* when this association became embarrassing. Their abandonment of the name has not prevented others from continuing to use it and from implying that this verbal similarity connotes an identity of political method and purpose.

The *Kata'ib* were founded in 1936 as a paramilitary youth movement. This was the age of political and militant "shirts", when blue, green, gray, white, khaki and tan shirts were used to clothe youth movements and proclaim their ideologies in Egypt, Syria, Iraq and Lebanon. Many of these paramilitary youth groups found their models in Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy and Francoist Spain, and some of their leaders were no doubt affected by the Fascist ideologies of those countries. In this they were by no means alone in the Arab world, and a large proportion of present-day Arab leaders and movements, including those of the left and extreme left, emerged from the same school.

The initial aim of the *Kata'ib* was not strictly political. The founders laid great stress on sport and spoke at the time of the Czechoslovak Sokol movement as their model—something very different from the Nazi storm troopers.

It was not until 1952, after the final departure of the French and the beginnings of independent political activity in a sovereign Lebanon, that the *Kata'ib* constituted themselves as a political party. They retained their paramilitary force but began to participate in elections. Since then, they have grown greatly in importance and have come to occupy a leading position in the politics of the Christian, and more especially of the Maronite community.

Besides *Kata'ib*, the party has another name: the Social Democratic Party of Lebanon. This is by no means a meaningless label. The Lebanese *Kata'ib* stand for parliamentary, constitutional democracy and for a mixture of private enterprise and state assistance. These aims, coupled with Lebanese patriotism, might perhaps be described as rightist in the context of Middle Eastern politics, but it is or should be surprising to find this label used by the Western press.

The seating arrangements of the first French National Assembly after the Revolution do not express a law of nature, and the practice of classifying political ideas, interests and groups as right or left obscures more than it illuminates even in the Western world where it originated. As applied to other societies, shaped by different experiences, guided by different traditions, moved by different aspirations, such imported labels can only disguise and mislead.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Unbalance of Trade

Foreign film industries are having troubles these days, but not quite as bad as it may seem from the foreign films lately available in the US. As reported in journals, anyway, the total of foreign film production seems more interesting than the few pictures selected for showing here.

Through the 1960s some American cities and university towns had the chance to see a fair sampling of foreign films. But, as an executive of a major US film company told me recently, that fact in itself led to the dwindling of imports. Among the attractions of foreign films were two matters not necessarily relevant to their quality: their frank treatment of contemporary subjects, in contrast to American films, and their frank treatment of sex. Beginning in the late 1960s, American films began to be influenced by these franknesses (by stylistic matters, too, but that's a different subject), and the difference between US and foreign films on these matters began to diminish. So foreign films lost some of their box-office appeal when US filmgoers no longer needed them for, say, generational revolt or bare bosoms.

The executive added that the situation for imports had become even worse because of increased advertising and distribution and print costs against those narrowed revenue possibilities. He mentioned a forthcoming film by one of Europe's best directors, said he would see it soon, and would be invited to bid for the US rights. "But even if I like it," he said, "which I probably will, I probably won't bid on it." Why not? "Because if it does a lot in the US, it'll do a million." But his company is riding high these days. Wouldn't they be willing to carry one film, by that director, even if the return were only a million? "Not," he said, "if it costs a million and a half to get that million. Which it would." Wouldn't subsequent 16 mm rentals to colleges and clubs help make up the difference, help influence the decision? He gave me a tolerant, compassionate smile.

Only a few much smaller firms are bucking these trends with some consistency, importing films on conviction of merit. It's always been small firms that brought us the best foreign films. But now even those smaller firms are mixing in, or concentrating on, the foreign films they think are sure-fire. Or surer-fire.

Take the new Japanese import *Sandakan 8* (Peppercorn-Wormser). It deals with the prostitution of poor girls in the early 20th century, girls who were sold as young as 13 to brothels outside Japan where Japanese colonists had settled. This business was a sexual underpinning for imperialism, the provision of homegrown sexual diversion for Japanese men overseas, to keep them happy there while they built the empire. It's a relatively serious film—its faults are not luridness and flash but clumsiness and sentimentality—but it *is* about prostitution and therefore presumed salable. (When paperbound reprinters are attacked for choosing books on "strong" subjects, they often reply that the books are intrinsically good, which is sometimes the case. But the reprinters don't often choose the good books that are not on "strong" subjects.)

Two Americans, very knowledgeable about Japan, tell me that *Sandakan 8*, made in 1974, was voted best film of that year. They say (as I've heard often) that Japanese film-making is now abysmal and that *Sandakan 8* ranks relatively high. But I'm left wondering if the importers would have picked the best film of 1974 if it had been on a less sensational subject.

The director, Kei Kumai, is unknown to me and can remain so, as far as I'm concerned. Everything he touches he renders banal, except the performance by Kinuyo Tanaka. She is the splendid actress—dead, I'm told, since this picture was made—who was in Mizoguchi's *Ugetsu* and *Life of Oharu*, in Kurosawa's *Red Beard*, and dozens of others. (She also directed films.) *Sandakan 8* is told in flashback, and Tanka, as the old woman recalling her youthful degradation, is knobbily strong, tender, dogged, touching. At least it's a pleasure to have seen her once more.

From Italy a picture called *The Sensual Man* (Peppercorn-Wormser again). It's directed by Marco Vicario, also unknown to me, who wrote the script from a novel by Vitaliano Brancati. Surely Brancati was an estimable writer, but his work is prime for clever filmers and film importers because his specialty was *gallismo*, the cockerel behavior of the Southern Italian male. His *Il Bell' Antonio* was done with Mastroianni in 1960—the only novel of his I've read. I don't know what Brancati was after in the novel here adapted, but it comes out a long series of amours by a sybaritic rich young man with whose sufferings we are supposed to sympathize because he cannot escape his heritage of lust. No, we're not *really* supposed to sympathize: that's just the window-dressing on the peep-show.

As the sybarite, Giancarlo Giannini, known from his Lina Wertmüller films, doesn't do more—does less—than he has done for her.

La Grande Bourgeoise (Atlantic) is several notches higher. Giancarlo Giannini is in this one, too, and gives a performance very different from any of his I've seen. Superficially it's like the man in the Vicario picture, but here the acting is serious, explored, emphatic. Giannini is helped by a better script—no worldbeater, just better; still, he makes his own contribution in depth and anguish.

The script, by Sergio Bazzini, is based on a murder case that occurred in Bologna early in the century. (I don't

Films Worth Seeing

Annie Hall. Still top of the list, in more than alphabetical order. Woody Allen's latest bouquet of neuroses, and his choicest so far.

The Best Way. A modestly subtle French film about two male counsellors at a summer camp, and which one is *more* male.

The Spy Who Loved Me. The latest from the endless stock of Bonds. Not the best but far from the worst.

We All Loved Each Other So Much. Italian. The postwar years of three war comrades. Some sentimentality, much cozy sentiment.

SK

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know why the title is French.) The daughter (Catherine Deneuve) of a famous professor (Fernando Rey) is unhappily married. Her brother (Giannini), a lackadaisical lawyer who is devoted to his sister, decides, without her knowledge, to rid her of her tyrannical husband. Because the old professor is an atheist and Giannini himself a socialist, because the murdered husband was a devout Catholic rightist, the case becomes an ideological battlefield.

Deneuve, here with brown hair, looks beautiful and troubled: that's about all. Rey, as her worn father, gives his usual solid, extremely *present* performance. His wife is played by the noted actress Rina Morelli who died last year. (Imports take time.) There's a good taut coiled performance of the police investigator by Marcel Bozzuffi, who was also in *March or Die* with Deneuve. As you can see, it's not exactly an all-Italian cast, and the post-synchronization, which is customary in Italian films, sometimes seems to be floating off in space.

The cinematography by Ennio Guarnieri is over-gorgeous. Nothing, not one millimeter, is left *un*gorgeous; besides, halation is used a lot of the time to emphasize that we're seeing a beautiful film. The idea, I suppose, was to make a sort of tension between the clothes and manners shown and the realities of the lives within the beauty; but it's heavily done.

The director was Mauro Bolognini, a well-established second-rater. He has specialized in filming novels—Moravia, Pasolini, Svevo, Gautier, Brancati (he did *Il Bell' Antonio*)—and is probably best-known in the US for *La Viaccia* (1961), insofar as he *is* known.

Bolognini would apparently like to be another Visconti, squeezing meaning out of the very textiles of period costumes; but he lacks the eye, the mind, the confidence. His camera moves much too much, zooming in or out (particularly at the ends of scenes) for no reason, traveling without creating any continuum. Quite apart from Visconti, the Italian director who could have done more with this script is Francesco Rosi (*Salvatore Giuliano, The Mattei Affair*), who has a strong gift for cutting open seemingly unpolitical events to reveal their politics. Where Rosi would have incised, Bolognini tugs and paddles. Still the cast, the material, and the sheer insistence of the lavish camera give the picture some effect.

The gap between foreign films and US screens has always been greater than that between US films and foreign screens. They have always seen more of ours than we of theirs. I wouldn't want to bet on the number of towering masterpieces that have not been imported lately, but the three above—fairly typical of what comes in—hardly represent foreign film-making of the 1970s.

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National Public Radio

Folk Festival USA

Most people, I suspect, mainly connect the name "National Public Radio" with the superb public-affairs coverage that NPR has made available, through its 200 or so member stations, during the last few hair-raising years. Yet NPR has also been covering other aspects of the American scene, and it seems to have been doing an especially thorough job on American music.

The man responsible for this excellent musical coverage is 28-year-old Steve Rathe, who joined NPR in 1973 with a strong background in both public radio and folk music, and in the following year brought these two interests together by creating *Folk Festival USA*, a series that has thrived ever since. During each quarter of the year—beginning in April, July, October, and December—*Folk Festival USA* presents 13 two-hour broadcasts: this past winter and spring there were, among others, festivals from San Francisco, New Orleans, Toronto, and Philadelphia; the thirteen broadcasts getting underway in the first week in October will include special tributes to Woody Guthrie, Phil Ochs, Chet Atkins, and Kitty Wells. In all, there are more than 600 folk festivals each year in this country, so there is plenty of material to choose from.

I am more interested in jazz than in what is usually (though rather vaguely)

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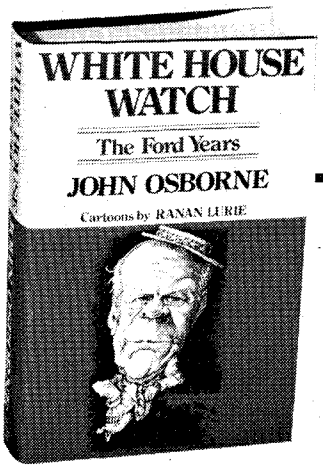

No journalist writes as perceptively about the White House as *New Republic* columnist John Osborne. Henry Kissinger calls him "the best political reporter in Washington." In his book on the Ford Administration, Osborne documents the historic transition years between Nixon and Carter—the pardon (which he condoned), Mayaguez, Ford's China trip, Woodward and Bernstein's **The Final Days** ("The worst job of nationally noted reporting that I've observed during 49 years in the business"), the Reagan challenge, and the ascendancy of Jimmy Carter.

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called folk-music, and so the festival of the recently completed series that interested me most was the New Orleans one. Yet on the one broadcast, the first of three, that I heard from the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival held in April 1976, the jazz was less interesting musically than some of the folk-music.

Jazz, new and old, was represented (respectively) by the New Orleans University Jazz Ensemble and by "Kid" Thomas Valentine and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. The former group is one of those overly earnest, overly arranged, desperately long-winded big bands spawned by the "rehearsal bands" that burgeoned among young musicians in the early '60s; like other such groups I have heard, this one seemed to be striving to sound like the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Most of the numbers were far too long, the ensembles were tight and nerve-wracked and excessively elaborate, the solos were sloppy and uninventive. On a few numbers the Ensemble was joined by a singer named Laverne Butler, who didn't sound especially distinguished while she was fighting the turgid arrangements but who suddenly came into her own on a special, very fast arrangement of "Great Day" done only for vocal, guitar, and bass. During the verse the bass strummed octaves, tantalizingly out of rhythm with the singing, and then when the chorus came it descended to play a steady, flowing, beautifully shaped line, changing key at the second chorus, after which the guitar entered with lazy, unpredictably placed chords that contrasted both with the steadiness of the bass line and with Butler's very free, Sarah Vaughan-like singing. The effect was dazzling, though the whole piece took less than two minutes. When Butler loyally announced that what made the arrangement interesting was that "usually we don't do things without the whole band," one couldn't help think that that was a pity.

The Preservation Hall Jazz Band—the umbrella-like title has for about 15 years covered a large number of older (and a few younger) New Orleans musicians in various combinations—was not at its best under Valentine. Even by 1966, when I made my one glorious visit to New Orleans (glorious because it accidentally included a full-scale funeral procession, for the great trumpeter Kid Howard), saxes had begun to replace the older alto- and baritone-horns in the marching bands. But in the smaller jazz groups performing places like Preservation Hall I heard nothing like the annoyingly "modern" (*i.e.*, swing-era) tenor-sax of Emanual Paul, whose soupy and whinnying solos sounded as though they came from an incompetent Chu Berry and jarred awkwardly against the rest of the band, especially against the self-consciously rough and old-fashioned trombone of Homer Eugene. The band got better as it went along, with Valentine, though he was often unsure of himself (he is now over 75), the best of all, polishing things off with several intense, delicate, King Oliver-like muted choruses on "Panama." Still, with its unsteady beat and noodling solos, this music was feeble compared to what I remember hearing from George Lewis, Jim Robinson, Percy and Willie Humphrey, the great unknown drummer Cié Frazier, and the rest of the Preservation Hall stalwarts of the '60s, many of whom are now, alas, dead.

Some of the non-jazz, more strictly folk, performers at the New Orleans festival recalled past favorites of mine. The excellent guitarist Robert "Pete" Williams not only sounded like Leadbelly, both in voice and guitar style, but also, like Leadbelly, had been jailed for murder, had a good song to sing about it ("Angola Prison Blues"), and told charming stories. The equally fine but very different guitarist Little Freddie King—everything simpler, pitched lower on the instrument, and "dirtier" sounding—was introduced as having been influenced by Lightin' Hopkins, and it showed in his playing. Best of all, the harmonica player Percy Randolph, after some automobile and train imitations that could have been dispensed with, did hypnotically focussed versions of "Jack of Diamonds" and "Low Down Nasty Boogie Train," in which his brilliantly expressive harmonica playing—and the harmonica must surely be the most expressively limited of instruments, short of a washtub or a jug—alternated with shouting, singing, and speaking in a way that vividly brought back memories of Leadbelly's old sidekick Sonny Terry.

But some of the most pleasurable music of the Festival came in a form that was new to me: the dance-tunes of the Cajun string bands from the bayous around New Orleans. At first this music, which usually features a fiddle and an accordion and a guitar or two, sounds irritatingly monotonous: but then you begin to hear subtle variations from chorus to chorus—in the instrumental ornamentation, in the free and elaborately inflected vocal line—that give the Cajun tunes a modest

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elegance and quiet cumulative excitement all their own. The two groups heard at the Festival were Sady Courville's Mamou Hour Cajun Band and the more accomplished Wandering Aces, led by Aldus Mouton.

The other *Folk Festival USA* broadcast that I heard was the second of three from the 1976 Mariposa Folk Festival, a three-day musical fair that has been held each June since 1968 on seven stages in a large city park on Centre Island near Toronto. This broadcast had less music and more miscellany than the New Orleans one. There were not only the interviews and "colorful" background noises there had been on the New Orleans broadcast: there were also a long chat about playing the bones, how you learn to do it, whether it hurts your fingers or not, and so forth; an interesting "workshop" on drone instruments that ranged from Irish pipes to the Greek and Turkish balalaika to the sarod of Indian classical music (the last of these yielding in a few breathtaking moments a sudden glimpse into the musical big leagues, a jarring reminder of what a really great musical culture can produce); and an endless, paralyzingly boring combination of song, talk, and drumbeat by a Canadian (as opposed to Indian) Indian woman named Alanis Obamsalwin. The songs of Canadian Indians, it turns out, are some happy and some sad. And all the evils of the world are due to the white man and his seductive invitation to "come to the city" (I could almost hear W. C. Fields intoning: "When a bo-hoy go-hoes to the ci-hity . . . "). Wretched, preachy, self-congratulatory, pseudo-political nonsense, hectic and soulful by turns but with no musical interest. No doubt Obamsalwin's lengthy contribution (as against two minutes or so by the classical musicians from India) was an understandable knee-jerk gesture by the Festival sponsors in the direction of an abused minority. But not all abused minorities have produced interesting musical cultures.

As with the New Orleans broadcast, some of the most pleasing moments belonged to the French. French Canadian dance-music is recognizably like that of the Cajuns and employs pretty much the same instruments, most prominently the fiddle. But it is different too: straighter, more down-the-alley, almost more military. No doubt these differences are due at least in part to the influence of Scottish and Irish music, an influence illuminatingly discussed on the broadcast. At any rate, I found the music itself novel and invigorating, especially the very odd fiddling of Gilles Losier, much of which was done on two strings in unison.

There was some good conventional folk-music too: the brilliant virtuoso guitar playing of John Jackson, the touching Irish "immigration songs" of Norman Kennedy, Penny Lang's blues singing, and Sneezy Waters' unlikely but successful adaptation of a Woody Guthrie dust-bowl song about the temptations of California to the parallel situation of rural Canadians now similarly tempted by cities like Toronto and Vancouver. But the best music of the whole broadcast was thoroughly unconventional—even given the baffling rate at which conventions change in the folk-music world. During a "workshop" entitled "Old Gems in New Settings" an odd-ball group calling itself Toronto's Original Sloth Band offered an astonishingly inventive, swinging performance of a 1933 Ellington tune called "Get Yourself a New Broom and Sweep the Blues Away." The Sloth Band—why *sloth*, one wondered: three-toed? or just lazy?—purports to have only three members, though I thought I could distinguish harmonica, mandolin, fiddle, guitar, and bass, yet I couldn't figure out who was doubling on what. Surely the least likely music for such a group to play is an Ellington tune, any Ellington tune. Yet it came off with terrific effect, and I was left wondering what else they could do, wanting to hear more, and (once again) smarting at the length of time wasted on the Obamsalwin woman.

The lack of discrimination that permitted such inequities is one problem with the *Folk Festival USA* broadcast, or at least with the two I heard. And to a certain extent it is a problem intentionally created: there is a good deal of talk, both on the broadcast and in NPR press releases, about democracy, how there are no stars, and so on. (Though those well-known stars Eubie Blake and Charles Mingus were scheduled to appear on later New Orleans broadcasts.)

A more serious problem, because it is a harder one to deal with, is that the broadcasts are often extremely hard to follow: either you can't tell what group you are hearing, which guitarist you just heard, who was on clarinet, or else you find out too late, after the music is irretrievably gone. In press releases and magazine interviews both Rathe and his assistant Deborah Lamberton have dwelt on the "informality" and "spontaneity" they are seeking to capture in their coverage of the festivals, the "casual" approach they are taking in order to give the radio listener in New York or Boston or Los Angeles the vivid sense that he is actually *there* in New Orleans or Toronto or wherever. But this studied informality can lead at times to confusion. What was the instrument Bill Usher was playing during the drone "workshop?" Who was the fine clarinetist behind Penny Lang? Which guitarist at the Mariposa Festival was the (evidently) famous Taj Mahal? Even though I heard the two broadcasts on tapes supplied by NPR and could thus go back to check up (an opportunity denied the radio listener), many such questions remained stubbornly unanswerable. Also, it would have helped to know, while one was listening to the music rather than afterwards, that the interestingly erratic rhythmic accompaniment to Little Freddie King's guitar was furnished by Percy Randolph playing washboard. And there was no earthly reason why, having just been told we were about to hear the Wandering Aces, we should first have been forced to listen to a long anonymous conversation

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about T-shirts.

Informality is an understandable goal in a project like *Folk Festival USA*, and Rathe often achieves it satisfyingly: the New Orleans broadcast, for example, began with a gentle voice coming puzzlingly out of nowhere to explain how you make Jambalaya ("It's basically rice, onions, cayenne peppers . . ."), and then led naturally into Rathe's introduction of himself and an explanation of where we were and what we were about to hear. My objection to the informality of the broadcasts I heard is not that it was studied but that it was not studied enough. Just as the greatest art is that which conceals art, so the most useful and pleasurable informality is that which conceals the skill and imagination and care, the sure sense of form, that went into producing it, and yet makes you indirectly aware that it was not produced randomly. A television viewer can easily identify, without further verbal aid, a performer who has previously been introduced but has temporarily disappeared from the screen: his face and presence linger in the memory. But the radio listener can't do this. There simply have to be more clues—though the more unobtrusively they are dropped, the better. I am certainly not suggesting that Rathe should adopt the stylized format and pompous declamatory manner of the announcers who introduced the NBC Symphony and Philharmonic broadcasts in the old days or the one who introduces the Boston Symphony broadcasts even today (all of whom shall here remain nameless). But imaginative editing can make a world of difference, as some of the successes of *Folk Festival USA* make clear. There just has to be a bit more of it if Rathe's admirable project is to achieve its fullest possible effect.

William Youngren

William Youngren teaches English at Boston College and writes on music for *The Hudson Review*.

Books Considered

Over By the River and Other Stories by William Maxwell

(Knopf; $8.95)

If the first and most instinctive impulse of fiction is toward storytelling—expensive, inventive, extroverted—a second, though not secondary, impulse is toward the careful recollection of the past: fiction as an individual's private legend, his history of himself. When such writing is not highly charged, not intense enough to transform its materials into art, it is merely reminiscing; loosely organized, anecdotal, trivial. When it is sharply focused by an intelligence wise enough to use autobiography as the material for art, but only the raw material, it is not only fictional art as 'inventive' as storytelling itself—it has the power to deeply move us, and even to wound us, to surprise us into sympathies we could not have anticipated.

William Maxwell's new collection of stories, *Over By the River*, is made up of work written as long ago as 1941, and as recently as 1977. It is an altogether admirable achievement, as remarkable for its seemingly random, unemphatic perceptions, as for its consistency of tone and of vision. There is no reason that a collection of short stories should not exhibit the conscious unity of a well-crafted novel—in fact the finest collections are not merely collected, but shaped, *imagined* into being—but since it is usually the case that short story writers bring together, mechanically, whatever work they have on hand during a given period of time, one rarely expects to find this sort of unity. Maxwell's gifts as a writer allow him to impose upon his material a gentle, rather Chekhovian sense of order: whatever happens is not Fate but the inevitable working-out of character, never melodramatic, never pointedly 'symbolic.' Though his protagonists vary considerably one is always aware of the writer's consciousness reigning over, and commenting upon, all that transpires. In a writer of lesser talent such consistency of tone would become monotonous, and its effect strained; in *Over By the River* one has the sense of reading a number of works that are in fact parts of a larger work, an on-going novel with many distinct components.

George Carrington, the amiable, somewhat baffled hero of the superb title story, is obviously related to the narrator of "The Thistles in Sweden," who recalls himself as a young husband, very much in love with his wife and with the early years of their marriage in a brownstone on Murray Hill in 1950. Both men are clearly related to the vexed, discouraged hero of "The Gardens of Mont-Saint-Michel" who suffers, like any reverential tourist/pilgrim, the shockingly cynical exploitation of France by the French; and to the hopeful Ray Ormsby of "The Pilgrimage," who with his wife tries to live another couple's idyllic experience in Périgueux. One of the collection's finest stories, "The French Scarecrow," illuminates a brief period in the life of Edmund Fisher when his wife is newly pregnant, and one feels that Edmund is kin to Maxwell's other protagonists—not only in his brooding, fastidious sensitivity, but in his unusually wise accommodation of himself to the possible (though not necessarily probable) horrors of ordinary life. Maxwell's quintessential hero neither shies away from nor challenges the world; he lives in it, and seeks to observe and to understand rather than to control. He is that rarest of things—a perfectly decent, civil, civilized human being.

Over By the River deals, in seemingly episodic fashion, with a brief period of time in the lives of the Carringtons (George and Iris and their two young daughters), who live near Gracie Square in a neighborhood that appears to be, like many similarly fashionable Manhattan neighborhoods, undergoing inevitable change. Many things happen, yet nothing happens. The Carringtons' youngest daughter Cindy suffers terrible nightmares, related in some undefined way to the accelerated life of the city and to her parents' bewilderment over it; a drug addict named James Jackson steals an expensive bicycle (when the reader has reason to think he may do worse); a neighbor's cook commits suicide, leaving no explanation; George participates with other fathers in a Christmas program at his daughters' school. Time passes. There are cocktail

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parties, there are more nightmares. George thinks one day, casually, that nobody is as real to him as he is to himself: "If people knew how little he cared whether they lived or died, they wouldn't want to have anything to do with him." One night there is a scream for help down on the street eight stories below but neither George nor Iris are certain they heard it . . . and if they were to telephone the police, what could they possibly say? The night passes, the incident is forgotten. The story ends. In its deceptively casual way *Over By the River* manages to give us a sense of life's inexorable motion, its entangling of both 'generous' and 'selfish' instincts as they constitute something so intangible, yet so primary, as the personality of a marriage or of a family. The story is so well done that while one admires Maxwell's brevity one might wish that it had been expanded to novel length.

In other stories young men come of age by rising up against their impossible, but touching mothers, or by realizing the depth of their feeling for their unsociable fathers. A young couple is wedded to their brownstone apartment as truly as they are wedded to one another, and learn of the half-pleasurable pains of loss when they are forced to move. If Iris Carrington's chronic problems with her maid, like Dorothy Reynolds's disappointment with an omelette ordered in Mont-Saint-Michel, and the Ormsbys' struggles to get a decent dinner late one night in France, sometimes strike us as trivial, one feels that they strike Maxwell that way also, but that he consciously resists satirizing his people. They are, after all, no less—and no more—human than any of us; and they cannot be categorized. Their small hurts and disappointments are as crucial to them as, in a way, their gravely crippling losses.

Maxwell's vision is one of accommodation. He is not unaware of what might be called evil, and he is willing to explore the possibility that, yes, civilization is in decline. His protagonist Reynolds is "quite aware that to complain because things were not as agreeable as they used to be was one of the recognizable signs of growing old . . . . But why, without exception, did something bad drive out something good? Why was change always for the worse? . . . In general, so far as the way people lived, it was one loss after another, something hideous replacing something beautiful, the decay of manners, the lapse of pleasant customs, as by a blind increase in numbers the human race went about making the earth more and more unfit to live on." Yet Reynolds is forced to change, or at least to qualify, his opinion the very next morning, when things unaccountably turn better and he knows himself a "harmless maniac." Similarly, the central image of *Over By the River* is not the desperate James Jackson pedaling away on his stolen Peugeot, but the graduation ceremony that nearly overwhelms George Carrington: Class One becomes Class Two, Class Two becomes Class Three, two by two little girls in white dresses march up on stage, carrying flowers, ducking beneath arches, eagerly disappearing off-stage while their parents stare in amazement. "If it is true that we are all in the hand of God," the narrator of "The Thistles in Sweden" says, "what a capacious hand it must be"—and one does not wince in embarrassment at a platitude glibly uttered, for Maxwell's art is to allow us to see, and to believe, that such an utterance is exactly right.

Joyce Carol Oates

Joyce Carol Oates's most recent book is a novel, *Childwold* (Vanguard).

The Sovereign Ghost: Studies in Imagination by Denis Donoghue

(University of California; $10)

Any text that deserves some measure of appreciation can consider itself lucky if Denis Donoghue chooses to write about it. To his intuitive ability as a lover of the word, he brings a wide range of learning (he is Professor of English and American Literature at University College, Dublin, and has published several volumes of criticism in which he has proved himself particularly skillful at suggesting the "personality" of literary works, along with his great alertness to matters of craftsmanship). He has here put together much highly interesting and relevant material, even though he says intrepidly of his subject:

> *Imagination is not one of our key terms . . . . Our nature is no longer an object of sustained reflection . . . . If the situation has changed in the past fifty years, it has resulted in a further suppression of the word in favour of such words as style, genre, and structure; it does not figure prominently in current linguistics. The best that can be reported is that imagination has survived as a critical term, without flourishing . . . . Only a wilful or nostalgic critic would now use Blake's term "genius" or "vision." We are patient with problems, but not with mysteries.*

The underlying design of the issue with which Donoghue is concerned is probably best indicated by reference to Coleridge's post-Kantian distinction between "primary" and "secondary" imagination. Whatever may be the ultimate nature of "reality in itself," we experience it through such physical sensations as light, sound, scent, taste, touch, heat, cold, pleasure, pain, in an overall matrix of time and space. Here would be the realm of the "primary" imagination, "immediately" common to all human organisms insofar as they do not suffer privations such as blindness

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or deafness. By "secondary" imagination would be meant such skill as the poet has, at adapting the terms for sensory experiences in ways whereby his *medium* gives us somewhat the *feel* of such primary "immediacy."

I am paraphrasing the summary that Coleridge gives, at the end of Chapter XIII, in his *Biographia Literaria*. Or am I? I hear cries of indignation. For here is how Coleridge says it:

> *The primary* IMAGINATION *I hold to be the living Power and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creating in the infinite I AM. The secondary Imagination I consider as an echo of the former, co-existing with the conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the* kind *of its agency, and differing only in* degree, *and in the* mode *of its operation.*

There, grandly contrasting with my pedestrian version, Coleridge's statement is in much the same spirit as the lines from Wordsworth's *The Prelude* which Donoghue quotes as an epigraph for his book:

> *The love more intellectual cannot be*
> *Without Imagination, which in truth*
> *Is but another name for absolute strength*
> *And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,*
> *And reason in her most exalted mood.*

Putting together some lines from Donoghue's first chapter and his last, we offer these quotes as perhaps most succinctly summing up his own view:

> *Imagination, as distinct from mind, is that mental power which finds unnecessary the strict separation of conscious and unconscious life . . . . which deals with contradictions not by subordinating one to another but by accommodating all within a larger perspective; and which entertains feelings and motives before they have been assigned to categories or organized into thoughts, attitudes, statements, values, or commitments . . . . Imagination and mind are not two things, they are one intellectual power, separable only if we choose to call upon a limited effort of that power or upon the complete power . . . . Imagination is the name we give to the intellectual power which we call upon when we propose to deal with the chaos of our experience merely by putting its constituents in separate compartments.*

And he explicitly avows: "I cannot believe that the imagination is other than divine in its origin." Thus he is so strongly personalistic in his attitude towards all texts, behind his various comments there are his uneasy differences with the "structuralists," who "maintain that in speaking we are more the slaves than the master of our language," and "are used by language at the very moment in which we think ourselves most independent in the use of it." The structuralists would "insist that the tokens of creative freedom are illusory, that instead of free acts we are witnessing formal operations of language." And Mallarmé's later style "is congenial to structuralists because it presents itself as a network of simultaneous relations and does not imply a source more mysterious than language itself."

Donoghue's succinctly documented purview of his subject encounters many related considerations en route: for instance, the important place of *feeling* as a function of the imagination, the shifting line between the "immediate" and the "mediate" with regard to the role of poetry as a medium, the elusively suggestive ways in which the terms "attention" and "intention" keep turning up *passim*—and I'd love to haggle, not with Donoghue, but with Coleridge, about Coleridge's failure to do well enough by his treatment of "fancy," whereby I'd enlist on my side Donoghue's six-word flash, "Satire, the strongest form of survey," if one can class satire as "fancy" (including, say, a work like *Ulysses* with relation to *The Odyssey*, as vs. the solemnly *imaginative* relation of *The Aeneid* to Homer).

But when proposing a "definition of man" that would be based upon "imagination as his essential quality," Donoghue might at least have referred to the long tradition according to which the imagination, because of its tie-in with image and sensation, was rated low, in being classed as a faculty we share with speechless brutes. Or there's Pico's *De Imaginatione*, at the beginning of the 16th century, with such typical chapters as "On the numerous Evils which come from the Imagination" and "How we can relieve the Voluntary Evils of the Imagination by the use of Reason." Or one could quote from a letter of Coleridge, written at the height of his productivity as a poet (1797): "Frequently have I (half-awake and half-asleep, my body diseased and fevered by my imagination) seen armies of ugly things bursting in upon me." And when Donoghue writes about "fictions," why not a word about Bentham's "theory of fictions," shows how, though such "products of the imagination" are necessary, they must, as we'd say now, be methodically "discounted"?

Be that as it may, Donoghue's appealing championship of his chosen term presents us with the ups and downs of another tripartite design, thus: There is a kind of imagination that, taking pleasure in the *images* of sensation, uses them to give you corresponding *feelings*. Or there is a second kind that transforms images into *metaphors* not equatable with sensory things. And there is a closely related paradoxical kind that centers in the *negative*, as though "nonbeing" were a profounder kind of "being." The second and third almost turn the first around. In this regard there is the essay that takes us from "The Eye as Benevolent Despot," through "The Purer Eye," to "The Mind's Eye."

For his wind-up Donoghue ends on a rousing set-piece built around *Henry VIII* (surely much of which at least is Shakespeare's). Though he says "It is not the purpose of imagination to act as cheerleader for the spirit of the age," he does a handsome job by a play that *could be* interpreted as coming to a climax in a grandiosely imaginative act of cheerleading for the departed "Virgin" Tudor Queen and her Stuart successor (Elizabeth being equated with the Christ Child, the Phoenix, the Virgin Mary, and "royal sempiternity" in general). And be it "imagination" or just good showmanship, there is nothing more effective in drama than the account of a "historical" incident in which an appropriate character "prophesies" in terms of appropriate topics of a state of things represented as having now come about. One could not reasonably ask of Donoghue a more eloquent plea for his cause.

Incidentally, on going back over Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, I ran across a footnote in which, with regard to the "desynonymizing" of the terms "imagination" and "fancy," he says:

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insofar as any such distinctions become accepted, "language itself does as it were *think* for us." It is a chance remark which the structuralists would make much more of than would either Coleridge or Donoghue. But regardless of whether texts are to be viewed as portraits of personalities or as but the exercising of language, obviously this book's title represents "imagination" (it is culled from a poem by Wallace Stevens). And the subtitle stands for an alertly sympathetic "mind's" (Donoghue's) efforts "to deal with the chaos" of his exhibits concerning this subject "by putting its constituents in separate compartments."

Kenneth Burke

Kenneth Burke has just received the American Academy of Arts and Science's first Award for Humanistic Studies.

The Letters of Thomas Babington Macaulay
Volume III, January 1834-August 1841
edited by Thomas Pinney

(Cambridge University Press; $42.50)

Volume IV, September 1841-December 1848
edited by Thomas Pinney

(Cambridge University Press; $45)

I believe that no person in Calcutta, European or native, stood this terrible season better than I. It did not affect either my appetite or my sleep; nor did it for more than a day or two render me unwilling to exert myself vigorously. When it was at the worst I lay from 9 in the morning till 6 in the afternoon on my sofa under a punkah reading Voltaire and Plutarch, with all the windows and blinds of my library most carefully closed; for if the smallest cranny were left open, a blast like that from the mouth of hell rushed in.

This image, self-depicted, of Macaulay in India is characteristic of his sojourn there (1834-1838), in that he used his leisure time to read and re-read the Western classics, rather than acquainting himself with Indian languages and literature. Indeed, his dismissive comments concerning Indian culture in his epoch-making minute on education (1835) which played no small part in making English the chief language of instruction in India, have not been forgiven by a good many Indians today; even by those who are at the same time willing to commend him for his penal code, in its essentials still in use. What becomes clear from his Indian letters is that Macaulay always saw his official role there, Legal Member of the Supreme Council, as that of a Westerniser bringing long overdue reforms to a benighted civilization.

As for his personal role, it was that of the exile taken more or less unwillingly from his beloved London, where his speeches on the Reform Act of 1832 had reinforced the fame he had already gained as an Edinburgh reviewer but where a struggling *parvenu* (his own word) could not secure the position and thus the means he required to support his family. After four years in India Macaulay returned home a wealthier but a sadder man. A bachelor deeply and almost possessively devoted to two of his younger sisters, Hannah and Margaret, one of whom (Hannah) had accompanied him to Calcutta, he had to experience within a few weeks the loss of Hannah by marriage to Charles Trevelyan and the more permanent loss of Margaret, whose own marriage in 1832 had been a great blow to him, by death in England. In a heartrending letter to Margaret—the state of communications then being what it was, she had already been dead four months as he wrote it—he quoted some nursery rhymes which, he said, contained the history of his life:

There were two birds that sate on a stone:
One flew away, and then there was but one
The other flew away and then there was none
And the poor stone was left all alone.

When he eventually heard of his sister's death, early in 1835, he was so gravely affected by the news that only literature—"what a blessing it is to love books as I love them"—saved his life and his reason.

By the end of that same year he had "more than half" determined to abandon politics and to undertake some great historial work, "which may be at once the business and the amusement of my life." As it happened, he was lured back into public life, became an MP for Edinburgh, and held minor Cabinet office twice under the Whigs during the decade after his return to England. But meanwhile, until 1844, he continued to write essays for the *Edinburgh Review* as well as working on his *History of England* which, of course, the historical work turned out to be. The fourth volume of Professor Pinney's exemplary edition of Macaulay's *Letters* ends with one of the great landmarks of English literary history in the 19th century, the publication of the first two volumes of the *History* in early December of 1848.

Originally Macaulay had wanted to write the history of England from one glorious and bloodless revolution—1688—to another, the Reform Act of

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1832, in which he had himself played such a notable part. As he came to grips with the enormity of the task, he gradually reduced its scope. But he never retreated from his firm determination to make his history readable: "The materials for an amusing narrative," he wrote to a correspondent in 1841, "are immense. I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies." He was never easily satisfied. Indeed, one of the things these letters show is how critical he could be of himself. "I have never written a page of criticism on poetry or the fine arts," he admitted in the course of refusing to review Lockhart's *Life* of Scott, "which I would not burn if I had the power." When a pirated edition of his own *Essays* appeared in the United States (1841) he assured Lady Holland that "I should certainly have suppressed more than half of what my American friends have chosen to reprint." In any event, he wanted his essays to be judged by a less severe standard than what he hoped to produce some day, "something which I may not be afraid to exhibit side by side with the performances of the old masters."

Thus he knew his own worth. When the first volumes of the *History* were about to come out, he armed himself "with all my philosophy" for the possibility of failure, but then went on to write to Hannah in these terms:

> *The state of my own mind is this: when I compare my book with what I imagine that history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed, but when I compare it with some histories which have a high repute, I feel reassured.*

He need not have worried. His *History* was destined to become the most popular work of its kind ever published in England. One reason for this was that Macaulay dealt in a lively manner with social as well as political history, with the way people had lived and traveled and argued and amused themselves in the late 17th century. "I do indeed greatly disapprove of those notions which some writers have of the dignity of History," he declared in a letter to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. "For fear of alluding to the vulgar concerns of private life, they take no notice of the circumstances which most deeply affect the happiness of nations." Macaulay showed no such fear.

Another reason for the *History*'s popularity was that it was easily accessible to the ordinary reader. "The first rule of all writing," Macaulay replied to the same editor when he complained about the use of the word "shirk" in his essay on Frederick the Great as too colloquial, "that rule to which every other rule is subordinate, is that the words used by the writer be such as most fully and precisely convey his meaning to the great body of his readers." It is a rule the historian always tried to observe, at the cost of considerable time and labor.

Thomas Macaulay by Jack Coughlin

The letters are full of the sort of pungent common sense with which we associate Macaulay. Whether we always agree with him or not, we cannot but admire his way of putting things. Here are some examples: Against the need to make Indian vernacular dialects at the present time (1835) precise, regular, or eloquent: "What we want now are necessaries. We must provide the people with something to say, before we trouble ourselves about the style which they say it in. Does it matter in what Grammar a man talks nonsense? with what purity of diction he tells us that the World is surrounded by a Sea of butter? in what neat phrases he maintains that Mount Meru is the centre of the World?" Against teaching schoolboys a language by means of grammars of rhetoric and logic: "I am convinced that we are all on a wrong tack. . . . Give them Jack the Giant Killer and Tom Thumb—and then let them read Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver." On architectural preservation: "The best way to save an ancient building is to make it a pleasant residence for a modern family." On Lucius Seneca's style: ". . . to read him straight forward is like dining on nothing but anchovy sauce."

One must quote so much for the simple reason that these letters cry out for quotation; none more than those Macaulay addressed to his beloved niece, "Baba" Trevelyan, Hannah's daughter. It was for her that he wrote this hymn for Michaelmas day:

> *Though Quakers scowl, though Baptists howl,*
> *Though Plymouth Brethren rage,*
> *We Churchmen gay will wallow to day*
> *In apple sauce, onions, and sage.*
> *Ply knife and fork, and draw the cork,*
> *And have the bottle handy:*
> *For each slice of goose will introduce*
> *A thimblefull of brandy.*

Nothing pleased him so much as that his

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niece liked books. For, he confided to her, "when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes and toys and plays and sights in the world. If any body would make me the greatest King that ever lived, with palaces and gardens, and fine dinners and wine and coaches and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a King. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a King who did not love reading." Thanks to Professor Pinney, all readers, royal or otherwise, now have a treat before them. Two volumes more are to come. May it be soon.

John Clive

John Clive's Macaulay: The Shaping of the Historian (Knopf) received the National Book Award for history in 1973.

The Consul's File
by Paul Theroux

(Houghton Mifflin; $8.95)

Paul Theroux's new collection of stories—his first since *Sinning With Annie*—occupies what is by now, to his readers, familiar terrain. *Saint Jack* takes place in Singapore, and the trains of *The Great Railway Bazaar* wind through Malaysia; *The Consul's File* describes the provincial Malay landscape and the jungle outpost of Ayer Hitam.

These 20 tales were published over a five year span, yet there is coherence to the whole. The stories are linked; beginning with a mise-en-scene that is the title tale, and ending with "Dear William," a letter to a departed friend, they trace the Consul's two years on the job. The book commences with his wide-eyed wonder at the strangeness of the place, and closes with the knowledge that such strangeness is routine. The coy last line, "Now I must write my report," suggests we've come full circle and should start again.

Meantime we've learned little about our narrator; he is both participant and witness but a nameless, faceless one. Not anxious to have visitors he nonetheless gets visited; unwilling to trade confidences, he nonetheless—by virtue of position if not personality—becomes the town's confidante. A bachelor no longer in the first flush of enthusiasm or youth, he smokes a pipe and likes to drink and comes to love his post-colonial "hardship post."

Such anonymity seems purposive, however; it is "the Consul's file" that counts. With deftness that bespeaks the novelist and not the minor diplomat, Theroux records a gallery of attitudes and rogues. Few authors could equal the efficiency of his opening paragraph in "The Butterfly of the Laruts":

> *The people in Ayer Hitam stopped referring to her as Dr. Smith as soon as they set eyes on her. She was "that woman" and then "our friend," and only much later, after she had left the district and when the legend was firmly established, was she Dr. Smith again, the title giving her name a greater mockery than anyone there could manage in a tone of voice. She didn't have much luck with her simple name; as everyone knew, even the man she married could not pronounce it. But that was not surprising: a narrow ornament, a sliver of ivory he wore in his lower lip, prevented him from saying most words clearly.*

Here, adopting the mask of the conversational, even digressive narrator, Theroux manages to convey much information about his hapless protagonist—an anthropologist who becomes the ninth wife of the chief of the Larut tribe. He describes "the man she married" into the bargain (though the last phrase is a touch too pat, since when the chief appears in the Consul's office he makes himself understood through an interpreter, and the Consul would have no way of knowing if the Larut dialect were clearly or ill-articulated). But Theroux reserves his sharper scorn for the tribe of Ayer Hitam; they are the mockers mocked.

The risk in such a strategy, it seems to me, is that of easily earned condescension. The author writes the rules; his narrator abides by them; all others on the page are knaves or fools. Equally at home with the intonations of Malay, Chinese, Indian, English and American figures, he somehow manages to make their idiosyncracies seem stock—world-weariness is a great leveller. An otherwise first-rate story, "The Tennis Court," starts out with the line, "Everyone hated Shimura; but no one really knew him: Shimura was Japanese." Fourteen lines later, the Consul says: "I didn't join them in their bigoted litany. I liked Shimura." And the problem with the narrative stance resides in the distance between "Everyone hated . . ." and the subsequent "I liked . . ." This is not so much an error of logic as it is of consistency, with boredom its attendant risk: Theroux attempts to eat his cake and have it, to write of native custom with a knowing eye, then wink.

Such disjunction governs the book; the Consul is in Malaysia but not of it, and only in the several stories where he records the supernatural does he lose objective distance and cause us to share in the shock. As a character he seems far less persuasive solving "The Johore Murders" than acquiescing in those mysteries of behavior that he cannot solve.

There are bows to Maugham, Greene and Naipaul, Kipling and even Noël Coward here; without sounding derivative precisely, Theroux remains within a tradition and mode. The *mood*, however, seems unoriginal, shopworn—and it is in these terms that the book feels like a falling off from, say, *Saint Jack*. The linked set of short stories is, I think, a problematic genre—at least insofar as it draws its coherence from "place." There's the expectation of continuity that a full-length work of fiction arouses, without the sense of resolution or growth. Each tale must start anew. On page three, for instance, we are told that "Strang the surveyor had grown watercress in his gumboots," and told the same on page 187; we learn next to nothing of Strang in between. The Consul claims that: "Stories have no beginning or end; they are continuous and ragged. But the sequel to the ghost story must be something romantic or ordinary or even banal."

An advantage to this genre lies in its ragged continuum; the disadvantages are asserted though not avoided in the sentence above. What piques the Consul's interest is how dull these people are, then how their little lives are suddenly enlivened—by the advent of a

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stranger, a disease or drought. But once the problem has been solved—the stranger driven out or made familiar, the disease proven fatal or outlasted, the drought become monsoon—the story too should end. It's much like flipping through a file, and Theroux accomplishes this—providing us with weather, locale and character reports, describing the social hierarchy from the Sultan and his English mistress down through the "last colonials" to a leprous girl.

His comic gift remains substantial—his sense of incongruity—of blasted aspiration and the daily duty-round—is keen. One of the finest stories in the collection, "Dengue Fever," pictures a man in the grip of "breakbone" agony that leaves him "haggard from a siege, his dengue a version of battle fatigue." The inhabitants of Ayer Hitam and its "Consul's file" are fellow-sufferers.

Still, we are left with small familiarity and the author's large contempt. His abstract assertions ring hollow ("Knowing that I was going to meet her again I felt a thrill and a slight ache, the mingled sense of freedom and obligation at seeing a former lover. . . ."); the specificities have insufficient resonance. We don't learn to pity the Consul, as he fears his former lover might; nor does it matter much to us that his understanding increases—how he comes to see, in "Dear William," that it is Squibb and not Alec Stewart who likes the lash. "I didn't like Squibb well enough to look for more in him. I liked Alec too much to invade his privacy." Sound enough as an operational assertion, this diplomatic formula nonetheless keeps the Consul from relating more than anecdotes or telling us about his friends in more than surface truths. This may be useful practice in the foreign service; it is ill-advised in art.

All these reservations are registered, however, with reference to the full-scale enterprise. The tales do not accumulate; they merely continue. Yet this should not obscure such small-scale triumphs as "The Tiger's Suit," which seems to me a perfect blend of superstition and the spine-tingling flat fact. At his best Theroux is very good indeed—juggling plausibility, possibility and the surreal. There is much entertainment throughout—and nothing wrong with Greene's notion that a novelist should be permitted, every other book or so, to "entertain." But I believe Paul Theroux is at some sort of turning point; his talent will require severe self-tutoring or it may degenerate to mere fluency. It's hard to measure aspiration here; perhaps he knew he was just marking time. There are so few authors working with his range and verve that one has to hope his next book will be both ambitious and achieved.

Nicholas Delbanco

Nicholas Delbanco teaches literature at Bennington College. His most recent novel is *Possession* (Morrow).

The Widower's Son by Alan Sillitoe

(Harper & Row; $8.95)

With the success of his first novel, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (1958), and collection of short stories, *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* (1959), Alan Sillitoe established himself as an angry young writer of "proletarian fiction," a reputation that was extended by the popular film versions of these works. His heroes are characterized by their defiant, cunning, hostile solitariness; they refuse intimacy and allegiance in their instinctive impulses toward what they regard as freedom, honesty, and intensity in life. They feel oppressed by their families and lovers and fellow workers as much as by the bosses, police, and politicians; they reject "making it" within any established institution or relationship because they see the process as deadening. Despite hardship, prison, madness, or even death, they will not give in: the runner will choose to lose the race and take his punishment, rather than win and serve the ambition of those who exploit him and give only favored servitude in return.

Alan Sillitoe, who had to leave school at age 14 to work in the factories of Nottingham, identifies with his characters, and as a writer he re-enacts their stories in his manner of telling them. His diction and tone are theirs; he is aggressive in forcing the destructive experiences of his class—unemployment, malnutrition, boredom, rage, violence—on his readers. Just as he refuses his characters any escape from their circumstances, he refuses to distance himself from their fated anguish. He refuses to become a genteel, liberal man of letters. The powerful achievement of these early works depends on the willed constriction of the writer's scope, just as the survival of his characters depends on their deliberate isolation from others. At the start of his career, Sillitoe would not allow himself to consider the complexities of personal relationships, for that would have seemed too middle class; what he then preferred was militant observation, because it felt more appropriate to his origins and his subjects.

At his best, Sillitoe has always been more impressionistic than analytic; he renders exactly the immediate sensations of poverty, the sights and sounds and odors of particular objects—cockroaches, breaking glass, stale beer and cigarette smoke and vomit—or the feelings of boredom and pent-up anger. He is less rigorous in working out the causes producing these effects; they quickly reduce to a notion of a "system" of capitalism and its political structures, which gives way to the Darwinian image of life as a jungle where creature fights creature for survival, and then to the medieval image of life governed by a wheel of fortune that can arbitrarily crush or elevate a man. Given this essential fatalism, Sillitoe's characters, and Sillitoe himself, can only be proud and defiant rebels, not revolutionaries, for they do not believe that the situations of their lives can be fundamentally altered.

The Widower's Son is Sillitoe's richest novel because he seems to have accepted, rather than protested, his own view of human experience, and he has allowed himself to envision fully the relations between father and son and the ways in which traditions and expectations are passed on and modified, rejected, fulfilled, and disappointed. Young William Scorton is raised in a Midland mining town by his widower father, a retired army sergeant; he is not ignored or rejected by his father; his fate is to be loved by him and thoroughly trained for a "better" life above that of

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his working class origins. He is to be saved from the common destiny of the mines and their dangerous and degrading work and also the occasional upward step to bank clerk or schoolteacher. He is disciplined by his father to the rigors of technology and self-control, which prepare him for the Military College of Science and then the army, where he can be not only "a good soldier" (as his father was) but also "an officer and gentleman." As in so many cases of "upwardly mobile" families, the father not only loves the son, wishes him a better life than his own, has ideas for his future, and works toward realizing them, but all his efforts become his only way of showing affection, which then becomes obscured, misunderstood, and often resented.

William is always being taught the gospel of Field Service Regulations and the sober ethic of learning and obedience by his upright taciturn father; their relationship consists wholly of the giving and completing of assignments and tests: "How many inches to a mile?" What is so poignant in this absurdity is the boy's sensing that his father "wanted to tell him something absolutely profound—but wasn't really able to." The obsessive mathematics and map-making that fill their time together are evasions, but imperfect ones, for the feeling of caring comes through. This is one of the reasons that William accepts the repressive discipline of his father's training; another is his recognition that if he succeeds in it he can escape his father's clutches to become what he calls his "own man." His father, in turn, having molded his son to be a better version of himself, feels "he had lost him forever."

The novel relentlessly shows that William is not his own man, that he becomes more like his father in collaborating in the scheme for becoming better; and that although he may feel isolated, insecure, embarrassed before him, he is never really lost to the father. Indeed, there is no one else to whom he can feel so close. As a gunner, William is taught "to judge distance and, what went with it, to *keep* his distance as well." The army orders and the preoccupation of actual combat in World War II keep him, as his father had done, from facing up to "a certain emptiness at the middle of everything." After the war, he becomes even more compulsive in his attempts to avoid his buried anxieties, "a person of fussy unnecessary precision" who cannot tolerate any inactivity. But he is doomed to fail: "His choice of life had been dictated by his father's pushing, and now that such pressure was truly off, the emptiness could only be filled by those primal instincts which might have developed a quite different life in him had he been left more to himself when young."

The primal instincts which erupt despite "the constriction of the spirit, the elimination of the heart, and the crippling of all childish spontaneity" lead him to fall in love with the neurotic daughter of a brigadier. Above him in class, she accepts him on the rebound from a disappointing love affair, and the marriage is a disaster. The more he tries, dutifully and mechanically, to find "answers" and plan "strategy" to help her, the more he comes under the spell of what is crushing her. In a desperate attempt to save her and himself he decides to leave the army; now he has no bounds to hold him, and he does not know where he belongs.

In the face of this challenge William is divided within himself; part of him responds enthusiastically to "a primal yearning to know more about the world and his relations to it." Another part, however, seeks to reduce those relations to the banal routines of army life. The struggle between him and his wife is exacerbated, and the army brats' game of war turns realistically macabre. The tensions building up inside William finally break him down; unable to organize the space within the self, he furiously levels and burns the grounds around his house in order to create what a gunner always needs, a clear field of vision. But the effort levels and destroys his willed self, and he collapses in exhaustion, attempting suicide by slitting his wrists.

He rises from this psychic and symbolic death free of his job as manager of a recreation center, his house, and his wife; but he is finally liberated by returning home to be with his dying father. Restored to all the memories of him as a stern parent full of concern to give him a proper start in life, William is "glad there was so much love left." He sees that "In me he'd tried to create a better image of himself. He'd both succeeded and failed." This loving and forgiving recognition now takes William back to, instead of away from, his origins; and for the first time in his life he makes a decision that is all his own. He applies to a teachers' training college, exactly the upper-lower class, lower-middle class fate which he and his father sought to transcend, and which now can be the apt expression of his genuine liberty. We are told on the last page that while at college he meets and marries a 30 year old woman by whom he has two children; at 60, "Now that he seemed beyond everything he was most into himself, which was where he should have been before he got into anything at all. But whose life ever worked out like that?"

What justifies William's final salvation in the novel is his understanding, forgiving, and accepting—his love—of his father, complemented by his acceptance and love of his own life as it has been lived, his fate. This is why he can receive his past as his future: "What you would or could or might have been had no meaning, because what you became and what you were was the reality and intention of your life. It was settled long before you were born. . . ." And this is Sillitoe's fatalism touching ground in the felt experience of his character, showing us that we can go home again, have to go home again, because home has made us become whatever we might be.

Edwin J. Kenney, Jr.

Edwin J. Kenney, Jr. teaches literature at Colby College, Maine, and is the author of *Elizabeth Bowen* (Bucknell University Press).

Frank O'Hara: Poet Among Painters
by Marjorie Perloff

(Braziller; $12.50)

"To extract from fashion the poetry that resides in its historical envelope, to distill the eternal from the transitory," wrote Baudelaire, was to discover the essence of the modern; and in this sense, Frank O'Hara was our great commentator on the cultural style of post-war New York. Since his death 11 years ago

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in a bizarre accident on Fire Island, O'Hara has achieved the sort of formal recognition he cared so little about; he seldom even made copies of his poems. But others did, and new volumes are appearing to supplement the immense *Collected Poems* published in 1971, (*Poems Retrieved*, edited by Donald Allen, has just been published [Grey Fox Press; Bolinas, California], and a volume entitled *Early Writing* is projected), a biography and a selection of letters are in the works, and now Marjorie Perloff has provided the first critical estimate.

Formal criticism of O'Hara is a questionable enterprise, since the whole point of his work was to capture, in Perloff's words, "openness, quickening, immediacy." He composed his poems on the typewriter, and wanted them to be read as direct statements about his experience, notations on the quotidian. His absorption in daily life made for some slight, repetitive poetry, but also for a poetry of spontaneous observation and fluency. "Poetry being quicker and surer than prose, it is only just that poetry finish literature off," he remarked facetiously in a manifesto declaring his allegiance to Personism (a movement of which he was the founder and only adherent); but his famous "I do this I do that" poems were no less literary than anyone else's; they were simply more inclusive.

Still, their insouciance was deceptive. "Poetry is the highest art," he once wrote his friend Bill Berkson (a letter Perloff quotes twice); "everything else, however gratifying, moving and grand, is less demanding, more indulgent, more casual, more gratuitous, more instantly apprehensible, which I assume is not exactly what we are after . . . " When he came to New York in 1951, "poetry was declining, painting advancing," as he put it; the orthodoxies of Eliot had imposed themselves on Randall Jarrell, Delmore Schwartz, Robert Lowell, John Berryman—and while the work they were publishing constituted quite the opposite of a decline, it was not the sort of poetry O'Hara aspired to write. His models were the French Surrealists—Desnos, Breton, Reverdy—and the Abstract Expressionists who became his friends: Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell.

O'Hara was no dilettante; at the time of his death, he was about to be appointed curator of the Museum of Modern Art, and his art criticism has a confiding, urbane self-confidence that recalls Baudelaire's reports on the Salons of the 1840s. Like the Surrealists, O'Hara was liberated by the example of his contemporaries in the arts, who found themselves in what Harold Rosenberg has described as "a pioneer situation"; their only tradition was "the tradition of overthrow, of unlimited experimentation and parody, and of fragments of radical ideas." O'Hara brought to the painters' esthetic revolution the sensibility of the *flâneur*, the leisurely drifter whose habitat is the

Frank O'Hara by András Goldinger

modern city. (Walter Benjamin has given us the definitive portrait of this type in his studies of Baudelaire.) He was *the* poet of New York, a sophisticated commentator on its moods; his poems are crammed with references to specific restaurants, bars, the quality of feeling in Times Square,

> *where the sign*
> *blows smoke over my head, and higher*
> *the waterfall pours lightly. A*
> *Negro stands in a doorway with a*
> *toothpick, languorously agitating.*
> *A blonde chorus girl clicks: he*
> *smiles and rubs his chin. Everything*
> *suddenly honks: it is 12:40 of*
> *a Thursday.*

The limitations of O'Hara's poetry are self-evident; at his worst inconsequential, private, arch, demure, he was given to self-indulgent chronicles that have the mannered sensitivity of Satie's music. But he was capable of a luminous intensity; "Ode to Michael Goldberg's Birth and Other Births" is a masterpiece of lost innocence:

> *what one must do is done in a red twilight*
> *on colossally old and dirty furniture with*
> *knobs,*
> *and on Sunday afternoons you meet in a high*
> *place*
> *watching the Sunday drivers and the*
> *symphonic sadness*
> *stopped, a man in a convertible put his hand*
> *up a girl's skirt*
> *and again the twitching odor of hay, like a*
> *minor irritation*
> *that gives you a hardon, and again the*
> *roundness of horse noises*

Some of his longer poems are diffuse, but others unfurl in a luxurious sprawl, exhibiting the wit of Stevens but with more fervor and without self-consciousness. O'Hara was such a vivid poet; the casual anecdotes and asides in his work possess the charm and ease of brilliant talk.

Perloff gives a comprehensive account of O'Hara's milieu and of the "confluence of styles" featured in his work: Dada and Surrealism, William Carlos Williams and Auden, Mayakovsky and Rimbaud. Drawing on his letters, notebooks, and art criticism, she locates in his open compositions the principles of Action Painting; for O'Hara, the poem was "a field upon which the physical energies of the artist can operate, without mediation of metaphor or symbol." And she has some ingenious ideas about O'Hara's development from imitative Surrealism to "instantaneous performance," in which the "positioning" of the poem's surface, its apparently random convergence of images, "functions metonymically to create a microcosm of the poet's New York world." (In other words, art imitates life.) But she tends to discourse on the obvious with embarrassing solemnity. Her labored discussion of O'Hara's collaborations with Norman Bluhm and Larry Rivers violates their spirit; they were projects initiated among friends for their own amusement. When there is nothing to say about a particular poem, she resorts to academic jargon about "syntactic displacements" and "paratactic structure" or quotes from other critics.

In her introduction, Perloff discloses that O'Hara's friends "persuaded" her that a biography was premature, "because their versions of specific incidents did not always coincide." If such a stipulation were enforced, no biographies would ever be written. It is a pity that Perloff chose not to explore O'Hara's life more vigorously; the letters, anecdotes, and testimonies scattered through her book offer a glimpse of a remarkable personality, one generally regarded to have been the dominant figure in that circle of poets and painters who renovated the

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esthetic consciousness of New York during the '50s. Her book would have been far more vivid if she had abandoned scholarly reticence in favor of what she calls, in a felicitous phrase, "deep gossip."

James Atlas

James Atlas's critical biography *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet* will be published this fall (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).

Brief Reviews

The Memoirs of Earl Warren

(Doubleday; $12.95)

It is well to remember that Earl Warren did not come to the Supreme Court from a cloud of smoke. He was, in fact, in the twilight of his career as a Republican politician in California: district attorney, attorney general, governor, 1948 vice-presidential nominee. When he named him Chief Justice in 1953, Dwight Eisenhower must have thought he was putting Warren effectively on the shelf, but how wrong he was. It was not for nothing the General later lamented it was the "biggest damn fool thing" he ever did, for on the Court this wise, compassionate man came into his own and led it through its most important era in a century. The "Warren Court" was not necessarily his; it may more properly be called the "Douglas Court" or the "Black Court." It was Warren, however, who proved to be the conciliating force that was necessary in a time of upheaval. The Court could thrive without its theoreticians, but not without its pragmatist.

These memoirs were unfinished at his death in 1974, and are concerned largely with his career in California. But even in their unpolished state they draw a portrait of a conscientious and humane public servant, of whom, to say the least, there are too few. There are also some curious and amusing vignettes of the high and mighty which will satisfy the conoisseur.

Americans Remember the Home Front by Roy Hoopes

(Hawthorn; $12.95)

Some years ago Studs Terkel made the institution of "oral history" a commercial enterprise, and the landscape has not been the same since. Terkel delights in mixing the comments of fools with near-fools, and his imitators have not always been so discriminating. Roy Hoopes is a happy exception. The American state of mind during World War II was unique and, as Korea and Vietnam demonstrated, irretrievable. There was, of course, the enthusiasm for the war cause: the displacement, the privations, and the direction of a dynamic and adolescent society toward a tangible and self-evident goal. But life did go on, and how individuals adapted to those days over here is the theme which Hoopes has skillfully developed, with intelligence and discretion. These interviews are the voice of a cross-section, a voice largely unfamiliar to the modern ear, for in our postwar search for William James's moral equivalent to war, it is clear—and this book makes it particularly clear—we have not found it. For once, we can be thankful that Clio was wired for sound.

Beaufort of the Admiralty by Alfred Friendly

(Random House; $15)

Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort was Hydrographer of the Admiralty from 1829 to 1854, and in that time, with his 1446 charts, compiled the first comprehensive source of knowledge of the world's coastlines. An esoteric achievement, perhaps, but not so rarified in an age of expansive seapower, and of considerable value and importance to a Royal Navy that was underwriting the growing Empire. Beaufort was also the first military man to effectively understand the value of science to warfare; most of the scientific ocean expeditions of the day were undertaken through his efforts, including Darwin's voyage on

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the *Beagle*, a remarkable display of prescience for a veteran of the Napoleonic wars.

The interest of this book lies partly in its conception; Alfred Friendly is the retired managing editor of the *Washington Post*, and it is his amateur's enthusiasm which informs his subject, and brings it to life. Beaufort's candid accounts of the Navy of his day are an interesting contrast to Victorian prudery, and ample illustration of Churchill's characterization of naval tradition as "rum, sodomy, and the lash." It is always a delight to learn the unexpected from what seem to be unpromising sources. We are indebted to Alfred Friendly for rescuing an unlikely hero from his respectable oblivion.

At Random
by Bennett Cerf

(Random House; $12.95)

For the last two decades of his life Bennett Cerf was best known as the bespectacled panelist of "What's My Line?" who introduced the master of ceremonies—to use his intonation—"John Cholls Daly." What the millions in televisionland may not have realized was that Cerf was a book publisher, in fact an immensely important and successful publisher, founder with Donald Klopfer of Random House, and master of ceremonies of his own remarkable presentation of authors. *At Random* is a compilation of interviews Cerf gave for the Oral History Project of Columbia University, and as such it is a bit thin and conversational, penalized by the fact that Cerf died before he could finish editing it. In spite of that, it is a delightful book, full of Cerf's buoyant humor and spirit, looking with benign affection on the errant and frequently obnoxious geniuses for whom he was an ideal shepherd. It is also an incidental evocation of a dear, dead age—New York in the 1920s and '30s, a funnier, more interesting, more civilized place than it is today, an impression that is so consistent that it can not be just hindsight. Cerf was a celebrated raconteur and several of his anecdotes are worthy of preservation, including Mrs. James Joyce's resolution to write a book for Random House entitled *My Twenty Years with a Genius—So-Called.*

The Glorious Burden
by Stefan Lorant

(Authors Edition; $14.95)

Stefan Lorant is the creator of the pictorial biography, the balanced presentation of words and pictures that serves as a matchless introduction for beginners and a frosting on the cake for historians. How much dimmer our image of personalities would be if we did not have the opportunity to gaze into their faces and study them, their deportment, the little revealing quirks and characteristics that can explain so much—whether it is a cold eye or a broad grin, a careworn face or eloquent hands. Stefan Lorant for nearly half a century has been preserving the photographic record of our times, and *The Glorious Burden*—his book on the presidency—is a superb collection. I can not think of any better way to introduce so massive and complex a subject. Beyond that, Lorant's thoughtful and comprehensive choice of illustrations adds to our own knowledge a sense of character and a sense of the character of the times that can not be conveyed otherwise. It is also—with 300,000 words, 1104 pages and 2000 illustrations—an extraordinary bargain.

Philip Terzian

Correspondence, *from page 7*

Ode to modern music

To the editors:

As of yet, I really do not like B. H. Haggin on anything, but I am most annoyed by his cynical and distanced disaffection for modern music.

His less-than-enthusiastic acceptance of *Wozzeck* notwithstanding, he simply has not taken up the challenge of modern music. Every public critic should either meet the challenge successfully or disqualify himself, for obvious reasons. The listening public is artificially preconvinced of the inaccessibility of modern music through conservative attitudes affected by established teachers and critics. For if "they" cannot understand it, then how can "I", the mere lay listener?

E. Berlin
Appleton, Wisconsin

TRB, *from page 2*

and dispatch . . . " A super-body in truth, worthy of Strom Thurmond, Jesse Helms, North Carolina, Orrin Hatch, Utah, and other patriots.

Woodrow Wilson in his fight for the League had the support of floor-leader Hitchcock. But can Carter count on Majority Leader Robert Byrd? The latter reportedly told the President last week that "he has an uphill road to travel to ratification" and added that he is delaying his own personal decision. What a leader! A floor leader is enormously important in the treaty free-for-all. Wilson should have won his fight; at all times during debate three-fourths of the Senate were ready to accept some form of admission to the League. Lodge exploited Wilson's obstinacy. The small band of Borah irreconcilables first voted with the Wilson Democrats against any reservation, and then switched to the Lodge side to block the necessary two-thirds. Ratification (March 19, 1920) received a majority of 49 to 35, and lacked only 7 votes for a Constitutional two-thirds; of the 12 absent at least 8 were favorable to ratification. World War II came punctually.

My bet is that the treaty will pass. But it is tricky. The two-thirds rule makes it an entirely different ball game. It is enormously emotional; building the Canal was the Moon Shot of the era, the schoolbooks have boasted about it ever since, and with justice.

But it is also colonialism and times have changed; that will be stressed at the gaudy show at the Pan American Union here this week. Never mind that the heads of most of the Latin American states here to see Carter are generals, dictators, and junta leaders. We have been trying to work out a better arrangement with Panama for 13 years; negotiations have been backed by four administrations; Jerry Ford and Henry Kissinger, to their credit, support the movement. Those against it, like Ronald Reagan and Strom Thurmond, ironically enough, have the support of the diminutive Communist party in Panama: it opposes any accord.

Finally, this is a test of Carter leadership. Is he an effective President? Can he govern? Issue are coming on thick and fast now. A great deal more rides on the Panama treaty than the treaty.

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The Classifieds

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY ROY D. G.! Love, Mom, Ann, Bill, Jan, Doris and Gramp.

FLOOD VICTIM NEEDS MIRACLE to recover from financial losses. Send money orders to J B.R., P.O. Box 49242, Chicago, Illinois 60649.

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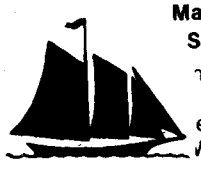

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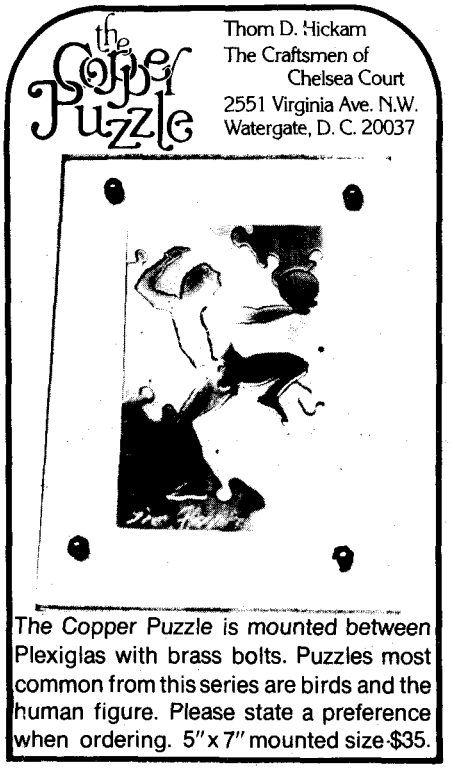

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Washington Diarist

Out of Town

I left town for a vacation with my family in Paris—where, it is said, during August there are no Parisians. That isn't so, of course. Who serves the tourists, for example? And who, in fact, keeps the city alive, even throbbing, by day and night? Whenever I'm told about all Parisians leaving in August—or, for that matter, that "everybody is in the Hamptons" or "... the Vineyard" or "... Palm Springs," or that "nobody goes there any more," I am reminded of Brecht's *Questions From a Worker Who Reads*. He knew what is meant by "all" or "everybody"—and by "nobody."

Young Alexander plundered India.
He alone?
Caesar beat the Gauls.
Was there not even a cook in his army?
Philip of Spain wept as his fleet
Was sunk and destroyed. Were there no other tears?

It would be easier away from home if the *International Herald Tribune* weren't here to lure you with the thought that Art Buchwald might have written something funny while you were gone. He hasn't. The *Rome Daily American* died last week. And as Dorothy Parker said when Calvin Coolidge died, "How could they tell?" In Paris, a trendy English-language newsprint weekly called *Metro* has appeared, but it does not fill any of the vacuums, least of all the one left by the profitable *Trib*'s stubborn determination to keep the world's important news to three pages flat, plus five for the financial markets, one for sports, one for ephemera and one for comics, all minus space devoted to ads. There also is a combination editorial/op ed page drawn from the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. That's where you get your required dosage of the pundits whose opinions are right now being discussed in the favored watering holes at home. You don't have to go without James Reston, which means you still can be privy to what's going on in the *sanctum sanctorum*. Reston knows because he gets leaks. But it's more than that: no one I read more genuinely identifies himself with the powerful than Scotty. It's the journalistic equivalent of transference. Late in August, he told us that the Israelis had been trifling with the President. Now that is real empathy for Carter. I would have thought, with Carter's sudden shifts in rhetoric and policy, and announcing developments in the Middle East from the Plains baseball diamond, it was he who had been trifling with them. The Israelis may make correct decisions or wrong ones, but their stakes are not so slight that they'd dare trifle with the President of the US, and they haven't been.

Political posters are not what they used to be. Some of our own images of politics past were formed by what artists in pen and brush had etched in editions of thousands into our minds. That surely is the case for the Paris Commune and the Russian Revolution, the First World War and the New Deal. The poster is now a debased form of communication. Those with conventional ideas count on graphics to put them across; no idea's time has come, it seems, unless the "creative people" in some agency have consented to make it their own to run with it. Those on the fringes rely on type, lots of type, the more type the better; open space on a page is a lost opportunity to deliver the message. My last day in America I literally bumped into a poster on a lamppost in Harvard Square. "Follow faithfully," it screamed out at me in 48 point bold, "the line of Comrade Haxhi Lleshi." This is the man who tends the flock in Albania. The author of that slogan and the ensuing words that fog its clarity somehow lacks inspiration, and no graphics people are there to help. So I am full of compassion for him. Probably he has been on many pilgrimages, Tirana being the last in a long line of disillusioning meccas: Moscow, Havana, Hanoi, Peking. From the perspective of this primitive hideaway nestled between the mountains and the Adriatic, all the other cities are decadent capitals where backsliders take refuge. It's hard to tell who did what to scientific Marxism. Albania seems to have expelled China from the fifth (or maybe the sixth) Communist International, or, that's what it amounts to. So Haxhi Lleshi and his 2,480,000 countryfolk are now alone with their authentic communism, save for a few Americans promoting his illuminations through shrill posters on lampposts in university towns.

About a year and a half ago, we visited the home of a young architect and his family in Paris. A mutual friend explained then that the architect was designing something called Le Centre Culturel Georges Pompidou. The visual destiny of this major project seemed grim to me as I looked at the home the architect had made for himself. On an old street in the Marais in a grand 19th century building, he had carved out a submarine. Since most artists have only a few ideas, the submarine theme amply appears in the Centre too. The building defaces a beautiful neighborhood, just behind Notre Dame and adjacent to Saint Eustache, dotted with the harmony of Parisian colors that have survived centuries. "It's very modern," a French friend who was in Paris—despite August—said defensively, seeing the grimace on my face. But modern is usually clean. This looks like an intestinal network of scaffolding, air ducts, pipes, tubes and electric grids done up in garish greens, blues, yellows and reds. My wife wondered whether they were all even useful. On the top three floors there is a museum with some excellent paintings by Picasso, Klee, Braque, Bonnard, Vuillard, and just now also masters of the New York and Paris schools, never shown in less congenial surroundings. This is technology's most brazen triumph over art, which is one of the ways society loses its best history. There's also something of an amusement park with rides on the Centre's ground floor. My youngest children go for such things, from Coney Island to Disneyland. But this was so ugly that it provoked not a flicker of interest in them.

This is written from Sils-Maria in Switzerland where, I am told, Nietzsche proclaimed that "God is dead." Now there's a slogan Madison Avenue might envy. Nietzsche is also said to have called Sils "the most heavenly place on earth." The truth is he knew little about either heaven *or* earth, but it's not an altogether implausible assertion. Three European magazines—*Paris Match, L'Express, Der Spiegel*—had Hitler on their covers last week, recalling Europe's most Satanic moments. I bought them all about 10 meters from where Nietzche worked. "Adolph Hitler Superstar," cried one of them. The magazines are gone already from the newsstand. The little Hitler revival may be another way that Europe loses or eludes history, its history at the most depraved and cruel.

M. P.

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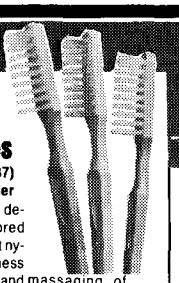

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Vitamin B-12 No. 993 — 100 Tablets 500 mcg. 95¢ — 1000—$8.49

"BIG-50" B-Complex Tablets No. 177 — 100-50 mg. $2.75 in 8 factors 250-$6.75

Brewers' Yeast No. 533 — 250 Tablets 65¢ — 1000-$1.95

Wheat Germ Oil No. 76 — 6 Minim. 150 Capsules 99¢ — 1000-$6.49

800 mcg. Folic Acid No. 2532 — Tablets 100 $1.25 — 500—$4.75

Oriental Ginseng No. 1049 — 50 Capsules $1.49 — 250 mg. — 100-$2.95

1000 mcg. Vitamin B-12 No. 2536 — Tablets 100 $1.89 — 500—$8.49

595 mg. Potassium No. 2567 — Gluconate tablets 100 $1.25 — 500—$4.75

ALL-NATURAL Total-B Complex No. 180 — 100 Tablets $1.99 — 250-$4.73

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500 mg. VITAMIN C with ASCORBIC ACID No. 37 — 100 95¢ — 500-$4.49

GINSENG 100mg. Tablets No. 2512 — 100 $1.98 — 500-$7.49

50mg. CHELATED ZINC No. 2539 — 100 99¢ — gluconate tablets 500-$4.75 1000-$8.25

250mg. VITAMIN B-2 Tablets No. 2534 — 100 $2.95 — 500-$12.99

450 mg. KOREAN GINSENG No. 796 — 50-Tablets $2.49 — 100-$4.49

RNA/DNA No. 516 BREWER'S YEAST Powder — 1 lb.- $1.99 — 5 lb.-$9.25

VITAMIN B-6 50mg. Tablets — 100 No. 2514 79¢ — 1000-$6.49

VITAMIN A&D Caps No. 2525 — 100-49¢ — 5000 I.U. VIT. A 400 I.U. VIT. D — 1000-$4.49

500mg. MAGNESIUM tablets No. 2540 — 100 $2.49 — 500—$10.99

500 mg. PANTOTHENIC ACID No. 1004 tablets 100 — 500 $2.99 — $13.99

500mg BRAN the high-fiber food — 100 No. 832 49¢ — 500-$1.69

VITAMIN B-1 No. 2517 — 100 mg. — 500 100 85¢ — $4.19

ZINC 10mg. TABLETS — 100 No. 2523 49¢ — 1000-$3.99

8½-grain GOLDEN SEAL tablets No. 2545 — 500 — 100 $3.95 — $17.49

DOLOMITE TABLETS No. 544 — 1000-$1.99 — 100 39¢

10 grain BONE MEAL Tablets — 100 No. 532 39¢ — 1000-$3.75

648 mg. KOREAN GINSENG capsules No. 806 — 50 — 100 — $6.25

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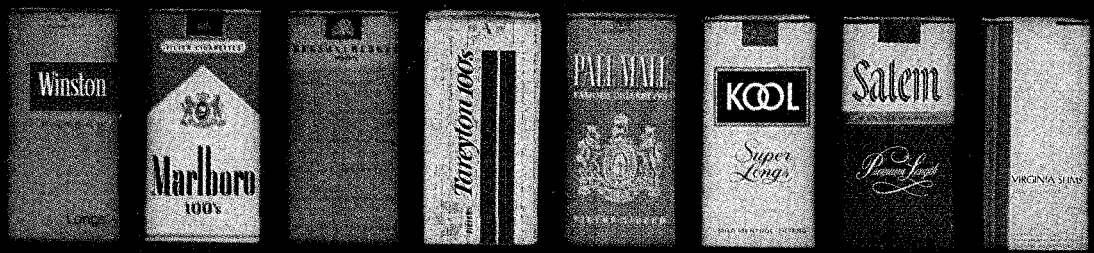

19 MG TAR 1.2 MG. NIC.	18 MG TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.	18 MG TAR 1.0 MG. NIC.	16 MG TAR 1.2 MG. NIC.	19 MG TAR 1.4 MG. NIC.	18 MG TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	18 MG TAR 1.2 MG. NIC.	16 MG TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.

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